THE

ST. LAWRENCE AND THE SAGUENAY,

AND

Other Poems.

BY

CHARLES SANGSTER.

KINGSTON, C. W.
JOHN CREIGHTON AND JOHN DUFF.
NEW YORK:
MILLER, ORTON & MULLIGAN.
1856.

158785

SANGSTER C.

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TO

JOHN SINCLAIR,

MY FRIEND AND CORRESPONDENT

OF MANY YEARS,

This Volume is Dedicated,

BY HIS FRIEND,

CHARLES SANGSTER.

KINGSTON, C. W., *June*, 1856.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay, ... 9
Spring, ... 63
A Poet's Love, ... 66
Light in Darkness, ... 77
Rideau Lake, ... 78
Aurelia, ... 81
Sonnet, ... 86
Evening Scene, ... 87
Gentle Mary Ann, ... 90
Death of the Old Year, ... 92
Despondency, ... 94
The Voice of God, ... 95
The Fine Old Woods, ... 98
Elegy in Memory of Rev. Robert D. Cartwright, ... 101
Morning in Summer, ... 102
Password—"Truth is Mighty," 110
The Whirlwind, ... 112
Elizabeth's Birth, ... 113
Henry's Grave, ... 115
Snow Drops, ... 116
Pretty Faces, ... 117
Beyond the Grave, ... 118
Canadian Sleigh Song, ... 118
Pity's Tear Drop, ... 119
Annie by my Side a Sitting, ... 120
The Name of Mary, ... 122
The Kneeling Heart, ... 124
Autumn, ... 125
Remembrances, ... 129
Little Annie, ... 130

PAGE.

Sun, Moon and Stars,..... 133
The Chieftain's Last Sigh, ... 136
Holy Ground,..... 137
Pleasant Memories, ... 139
My Kitten,..... 145
The Frost King's Revel,..... 147
England and America,..... 154
The Wreck,..... 158
The Lofty and the Lowly, ... 159
I Dreamed I Met Thee, ... 161
The Changes of a Night,..... 162
To Rev. James G. Witted, ... 166
Edith to Harold,..... 168
Song of the New Year,..... 172
Soul, Thou art Lonely,..... 175
Peace, Fond Soul, ... 176
Merry Christmas,..... 178
A Plea for the Woods, ... 180
Little Libby,..... 182
The Yellow Curl, ... 186
Let them Boast as they will,..... 188
Limerick Cathedral Bells, ... 190
Love's Guiding Star, ... 192
The Angel's Gift,..... 193
Love's Signet Ring, ... 195
Mary's Twentieth Birthday,..... 196
Love's Morning Lark..... 197
Song—The Banner of Old England, ... 198
Song—The Heroes of the Alma,..... 199
The Twofold Victory—An Alma Lyric,..... 201
Song of the British Mariner,..... 202
The Indian Summer, ... 204
The Betrayal,..... 205
The Impatient Lover,..... 206
The Grape,..... 207
A Thousand Faces, ... 208
The Past, ... 209
Imagination,..... 210
The Spirit of the Woods, ... 212
Love's New Era,..... 215

PAGE.
Faith, ... 216
From Queenston Heights, ... 217
Fanny, ... 220
Lament of Shingwakonce 222
Absence, ... 231
Festus, ... 231
Sonnet, ... 232
Hope, ... 233
The Trio, ... 233
The One Idea, ... 234
Uncurbed Passion, ... 235
Peace, ... 235
Bertram and Lorenzo—A Dramatic Fragment, ... 237

CORRECTION.

Stanza XXVIII "The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay," first, line for "*you* queenly Moon," read "*yon* queenly Moon."

POEMS.

THE ST. LAWRENCE AND THE SAGUENAY.

I.

There is but one to whom my hopes are clinging,
As clings the bee unto the morning flower,
There is but one to whom my thoughts are winging
Their dove-like passage through each silent hour:
One who has made my heart her summer bower.
Feeling and passion there forever bloom
For her, who, by her love's mysterious power,
Dispels the languor of my spirit's gloom,
And lifts my dead heart up, like Lazarus from the tomb.

II.

Maiden! from whose large, intellectual eyes,
My soul first drank love's immortality,
Plume my weak spirit for its chosen skies,
'T would falter in its mission without thee.
Conduct its flight; and if its musings be
Oft'ner of earth than heaven, bear awhile
With what is native to mortality:

It dare not err exulting in thy smile:
Look on it with thine eyes, and keep it free from guile.

III.

The bark leaps love-fraught from the land; the sea
Lies calm before us. Many an isle is there,
Clad with soft verdure; many a stately tree
Uplifts its leafy branches through the air;
The amorous current bathes the islets fair,
As we skip, youth-like, o'er the limpid waves;
White cloudlets speck the golden atmosphere,
Through which the passionate sun looks down, and graves
His image on the pearls that boil from the deep caves,

IV.

And bathe the vessel's prow. Isle after isle
Is passed, as we glide tortuously through
The opening vistas, that uprise and smile
Upon us from the ever-changing view.
Here nature, lavish of her wealth, did strew
Her flocks of panting islets on the breast
Of the admiring River, where they grew,
Like shapes of Beauty, formed to give a zest
To the charmed mind, like waking Visions of the Blest.

V.

The silver-sinewed arms of the proud Lake,
Love-wild, embrace each islet tenderly,

The zephyrs kiss the flowers when they wake
At morn, flushed with a rare simplicity;
See how they bloom around yon birchen tree,
And smile along the bank, by the sandy shore,
In lovely groups—a fair community!
The embossed rocks glitter like golden ore,
And here, the o'erarching trees form a fantastic bower.

VI.

Red walls of granite rise on either hand,
Rugged and smooth; a proud young eagle soars
Above the stately evergreens, that stand
Like watchful sentinels on these God-built towers;
And near yon beds of many-colored flowers
Browse two majestic deer, and at their side
A spotted fawn all innocently cowers;
In the rank brushwood it attempts to hide,
While the strong-antlered stag steps forth with lordly stride,

VII.

And slakes his thirst, undaunted, at the stream.
Isles of o'erwhelming beauty! surely here
The wild enthusiast might live, and dream
His life away. No Nymphic trains appear,
To charm the pale Ideal Worshipper
Of Beauty; nor Neriads from the deeps below;
Nor hideous Gnomes, to fill the breast with fear:
But crystal streams through endless landscapes flow,
And o'er the clustering Isles the softest breezes blow.

LYRIC TO THE ISLES.

Here the Spirit of Beauty keepeth
Jubilee for evermore;
Here the Voice of Gladness leapeth,
Echoing from shore to shore.
O'er the hidden watery valley,
O'er each buried wood and glade,
Dances our delighted galley,
Through the sunlight and the shade—
Dances o'er the granite cells,
Where the Soul of Beauty dwells:

Here the flowers are ever springing,
While the summer breezes blow;
Here the Hours are ever clinging,
Loitering before they go;
Playing round each beauteous islet,
Loath to leave the sunny shore,
Where, upon her couch of violet,
Beauty sits for evermore—
Sits and smiles by day and night,
Hand in hand with pure Delight.

Here the Spirit of Beauty dwelleth
In each palpitating tree,
In each amber wave that welleth
From its home, beneath the sea;
In the moss upon the granite,
In each calm, secluded bay,

With the zephyr trains that fan it
With their sweet breaths all the day—
On the waters, on the shore,
Beauty dwelleth evermore!

VIII.

Yes, here the Genius of Beauty truly dwells.
I worship Truth and Beauty in my soul.
The pure prismatic globule that upwells
From the blue deep; the psalmy waves that roll
Before the hurricane; the outspread scroll
Of heaven, with its written tomes of stars;
The dew-drop on the leaf: These I extol,
And all alike—each one a Spirit-Mars,
Guarding my Victor-Soul above Earth's prison bars.

IX.

There was a stately Maiden once, who made
These Isles her home. Oft has her lightsome skiff
Toyed with the waters; and the velvet glade,
The shadowy woodland, and the granite cliff,
Joyed at her footsteps. Here the Brigand Chief,
Her father, lived, an outlaw. Her soul's pride
Was ministering to his wants. In brief,
The wildest midnight she would cross the tide,
Full of a daughter's love, to hasten to his side.

X.

Queen of the Isles! she well deserved the name:
In look, in action, in repose a Queen!

Some Poet-Muse may yet hand down to fame
Her woman's courage, and her classic mien;
Some Painter's skill immortalize the scene,
And blend with it that Maiden's history;
Some Sculptor's hand from the rough marble glean
An eloquent Thought, whose truthfulness shall be
The expounder of her worth and moral dignity.

XI.

On, through the lovely Archipelago,
Glides the swift bark. Soft summer matins ring
From every isle. The wild fowl come and go,
Regardless of our presence. On the wing,
And perched upon the boughs, the gay birds sing
Their loves: This is their summer paradise;
From morn till night their joyous caroling
Delights the ear, and through the lucent skies
Ascends the choral hymn in softest symphonies.

XII.

The Spring is gone—light, genial-hearted Spring!
Whose breath gives odor to the violet,
Crimsons the wild rose, tints the blackbird's wing,
Unfolds the buttercup. Spring that has set
To music the laughter of the rivulet,
Sent warm pulsations through the hearts of hills,
Reclothed the forests, made the valleys wet
With pearly dew, and waked the grave old mills
From their calm sleep, by the loud rippling of the rills.

XIII.

Long years ago the early Voyageurs
Gladdened these wilds with some romantic air;
The moonlight, dancing on their dripping oars,
Showed the slow batteaux passing by with care,
Impelled by rustic crews, as debonnair
As ever struck pale Sorrow dumb with Song:
Many a drooping spirit longed to share
Their pleasant melodies, that swept among
The echo-haunted woods, in accents clear and strong.

XIV.

See, we have left the Islands far behind,
And pass into a calm, pellucid Lake.
Merrily dance the billows! for the wind
Rises all fresh and healthful in our wake,
Up start large flocks of waterfowl, that shake
The spray from their glossed plumage, as they fly
To seek the shelter of some island brake;
Now like dark clouds they seem against the sky,
So vast the numbers are that pass us swiftly by.

XV.

Merrily dance the billows! Cheerily leaps
Our fearless bark!—it loves to skim the sea,
The River and the Lake, when o'er them sweeps
The swift unwearied billow fearlessly.
Stretches its spotless sail!—it tightens—see!
How the wind curves the waters all around,

Ploughing into their bosoms fitfully.
Hark to the tempest's dismal shriek! its bound,
Like to an earthquake, makes the river's depths resound.

XVI.

Through the dense air the terror-stricken clouds
Fly, tortured by the pursuing hurricane.
Fast bound the milky billows—the white shrouds
That wind around the mariner on the main.
Nay, shrink not, dark-eyed one! they weave no chain
For us—we're free! Ha! ha! our gallant bark
Spurns the white wave with eloquent disdain;
She laughs to scorn the waters wild and dark,
She revels in the Storm, the Tempest loves to mark.

XVII.

Hoarsely reverberates the thunder loud
Through the charged air. The fiery lightnings leap
Forth, from their mystic dwelling in the cloud;
Electric shafts through all the heavens sweep,
And penetrate the surface of the deep,
Like flaming arrows from the bow of wrath,
Shot down some dark and cloud-pavillioned steep;
Each red-hot bolt the fearful power hath
To scatter blight and death along its burning path.

XVIII.

A wild joy fills my overburdened brain.
My ears drink music from each thunder peal.

I glory in the lightnings and the rain.
There is no joy like this! With thee to feel
And share each impulse, makes my spirit kneel.
Sing to me, love! my heart is pained with bliss!
Thy voice alone can quicken and unseal
The inner depths of feeling. Grant me this:
Flood me with Song, and loose the founts of Happiness.

HYMN TO THE LIGHTNING.

Oh! mighty, Oh! mysterious One!
Thou willest, and the lightnings fly,
Flame-winged and silent, through the sky,
Outglowing the exultant sun.

Along the hills reverberates
The eloquent, sonorous bass,
Shaking the earth from place to place,
Then heavenward to Thy temple gates,

Where every whisper, every tone
Of music, from the earth, rolls in,
Whether from putrid lips of sin,
Or girdled by a prayerful zone.

Thy Voice is in the thunder cloud,
Thy Presence in the lightning's fire—
Breathings of an Almighty Ire,
That wraps the heavens in a shroud

Of blinding light, before whose heat
The granite mountains melt away,

And finite Man falls down to pray
For mercy at his Maker's feet.

How Vast art Thou! how minute he!—
A human tissue which a breath
Can hurl from quickest life to death—
An atom to Immensity.

Oh! wondrous Power! Oh! strength Divine!
Oh! weak and insignific Man!—
Weak here, but in the After-plan
Not less eterne than Thee and Thine!

XIX.

Mysterious power of Song! the lips of Love
Make mellower music than a thousand strings
Of harps. Thine eyes my grosser thoughts remove,
But thy sweet voice doth give my spirit wings,
As up the air melodious whisperings,
Ethereal harmonies, divinely low,
Float, like the echoes which the morning flings
From the pleased valleys—hymns that upward flow,
Warming the purple hills with praises as they go.

XX.

Hast thou not heard upon a summer's eve
The musical pulsations of the air?
The voices of the mountain pines, that weave
Their low complainings with the atmosphere?
Thus, throughout Nature, floating everywhere,

Eternal symphonies, low, rich and deep,
Pass from her Poet-lips. Her children hear
And treasure up these lyrics, as they sweep
With Zephyrus through the air, or visit them in sleep.

XXI.

First, the sweet Idyls from the shepherd vales,
Where Peace and rural Happiness abide;
Bird-hymns and wild rejoicings in the dales,
Where the swart Peasant cheers his rustic Bride;
Anthems from solitary plains that glide
To where the death-dirge wails along the sea;
Low chantings from the stars, and far and wide
The Minstrel Breezes, meeting playfully,
Rehearse their wanderings in Canzonet and Glee:

XXII.

While the deep forest rolls its Psalmody
Of Voices from its music-haunted aisles;
And the strong Choruses leap joyfully
From hill to hill, or where the sunlight smiles
Upon the mountain summits, tinging miles
Of clouded crag and heaven-tinted air;
Last, the winged Tempest, from the long defiles
Emerging, like a Lyric God, to share
The genial Feast of Sounds that roused him from his lair.

XXIII.

The Spirits of the Storm are all abroad;
Of various natures, good and bad, are they;

Like mortal dwellers on this mundane clod,
Some evil natures, others good, obey.
As through the air they cleave their weird way,
Their separate passions show : Some smite the trees,
The innocent flowers, or the granite gray,
Or in huge heaps uproll the shouting seas;
While others weep, as now, wrecked Nature's obsequies.

XXIV.

In the far distance rolls the Thunder-Car,
Faintly the echo of its wheels is heard;
No more is felt the elemental jar;
The Curtains of the Storm are gently stirred,
And pushed aside; and slowly, at the Word
Of Him who placed it first within the cloud,
A gorgeous rainbow rises. The dark bird
Of night is on the wing; it cries aloud;
And the white sea gull floats where erst the thunder ploughed.

XXV.

The storm is lulled; the heaving waves subside;
The lightning's flash grows fainter; and the eye
Can just perceive the silver girdle tied
About the groups of pleasant Isles that lie
Before us. Down the hurrying stream we fly,
Like a white dove unto its nest. The eve
Has closed around us, and the brightening sky

Yearns for the coming stars. Nobly we leave
The Lake, and glide through scenes that Fairy hands
might weave.

XXVI.

Pale Hesper smiles upon us through the gloom,
An unassuming Pioneer of Night,
Like a chrysalis that had burst its tomb,
And spread its gleaming pinions to the light.
Soft moon-beams fall like love-looks on the sight,
And earth and sky seem blending into one,
Even as our hearts' deep virtues, love, unite,
Like meeting pilgrims at the set of sun
Grasping each other's hands, their joyous labors done.

XXVII.

Mild Evening, like a pensive Vestal Nun,
Sits veiled, lamenting for the truant Hours;
The Day has sprung to heaven to seek the Sun,
And left her weeping on her couch of flowers;
Heaven's Angels, bearing moonlight to the bowers
Where True love dwells, and Virtue sits enthroned,
In golden urns collect the pearly showers,
Singing sweet idyls, low and silver-toned,
Till the enameled tears some cherub brow have zoned.

TWILIGHT HYMN.

God of the early Morning light!
Whose Hand the Gates of Dawn unbars;
God of the Evening and the Night!

Who guides the chariots of the stars:
We thank Thee for the air we breathe,
The waves that roll, the winds that rise,
For all Thy wondrous works beneath,
For all the glories of the skies.

We bless Thee for the soothing Calm
That broods below the Evening's wings,
We bless Thee for the Spirit-balm
The gentle-footed Twilight brings.
Promptings of Hope, and Joy, and Love,
Exalt our minds and set them free,
And Prayer-wreaths white as Aaron's Dove
Ascend like incense up to Thee.

Gently the shades of Night come down,
Glooming the Evening's silver gray,
Pale Twilight puts aside her crown,
And follows the dim Ghost of Day.
So at the threshold of life's close,
We tread the verge of heaven's goal,
Peace, like a spirit, brings repose
To the calm Twilight of the Soul.

XXVIII.

There is no Twilight in you queenly Moon.
At least the philosophic vision ne'er,
At midnight's solemn, thought-inducing noon,
Could trace the existence of an atmosphere.
No Twilight and no Song! No blue sky, clear
As Woman's purest and most crystal thought

Rising to heaven on the wings of prayer!
No mountain echoes, like wild music, caught
From Nature's hallowed lips, to waiting Genii taught.

XXIX.

Its valleys know not either day or night;
Like mountain shadows darkening the plain
They slumber on, unconscious of the light
That falls on earth, like sun-thoughts on the brain.
And yet we feel her presence, as the main
Thrills to the diapason of the storm;
When the waves spring to their feet and join the strain,
These mighty wrestlers a strong chorus form,
And sing her praise, in tones deep, passionate and warm.

XXX.

Yon rock, that felt the lightning's burning kiss,
Has melted at the fervor of its breath,
As it leaped, glowing, from the deep abyss,
On wings of fire, to the distant heath,
Shaking the firm foundations underneath.
Yon shattered trunks that strew the watery way,
Yon floating beds of flowers, where many a wreath
Was woven by the storm, have felt the play
Of the hot lightning's wings, whose touch is swift decay.

XXXI.

And now 'tis Night. A myriad stars have come
To cheer the earth, and sentinel the skies.

The full-orbed moon irradiates the gloom,
And fills the air with light. Each Islet lies
Immersed in shadow, soft as thy dark eyes;
Swift through the sinuous path our vessel glides,
Now hidden by the massive promontories,
Anon the bubbling silver from its sides
Spurning, like a wild bird, whose home is on the tides.

XXXII.

Here Nature holds her Carnival of Isles.
Steeped in warm sunlight all the merry day,
Each nodding tree and floating greenwood smiles,
And moss-crowned monsters move in grim array;
All night the Fisher spears his finny prey;
The piney flambeaux reddening the deep,
Past the dim shores, or up some mimic bay:
Like grotesque banditti they boldly sweep
Upon the startled prey, and stab them while they sleep.

XXXIII.

Many a tale of legendary lore
Is told of these romantic Isles. The feet
Of the Red Man have pressed each wave-zoned shore,
And many an eye of beauty oft did greet
The painted warriors and their birchen fleet,
As they returned with trophies of the slain.
That race has passed away; their fair retreat
In its primeval loneness smiles again,
Save where some vessel snaps the isle-enwoven chain:

XXXIV.

Save where the echo of the huntsman's gun
Startles the wild duck from some shallow nook,
Or the swift hounds' deep baying, as they run,
Rouses the lounging student from his book;
Or where, assembled by some sedgy brook,
A pic-nic party, resting in the shade,
Spring pleasedly to their feet, to catch a look
At the strong steamer, through the watery glade
Ploughing, like a huge serpent from its ambuscade.

XXXV.

We have well-nigh outstripped the nimble breeze;
The silken sail incurves the pliant mast;
As flies the comet through the infinities,
So speeds our darling shallop, lightning-fast.
The merry Isles have floated idly past;
And suddenly the waters boil and leap,
On either side the foamy spray is cast,
Hoarse Genii through the shouting Rapid sweep,
And pilot us unharmed adown the hissing steep.

XXXVI.

The startled Galloppes shout as we draw nigh,
The Sault, delighted, hails our reckless bark,
The graceful Cedars murmur joyously,
The vexed Cascades threaten our little ark,
That sweeps, love-freighted, to its distant mark.
Again the troubled deep heaps surge on surge,

And howling billows sweep the waters dark,
Stunning the ear with their stentorian dirge,
That loudens as they strike the rocks' resisting verge.

XXXVII.

And we have passed the terrible LACHINE,
Have felt a fearless tremor thrill the soul,
As the huge waves upreared their crests of green,
Holding our feathery bark in their control,
As a strong eagle holds an oriole.
The brain grows dizzy with the whirl and hiss
Of the fast-crowding billows, as they roll,
Like struggling Demons, to the vexed abyss,
Lashing the tortured crags with wild, demoniac bliss.

XXXVIII.

MONT ROYALE rises proudly on the view,
A Royal Mount, indeed, with verdure crowned,
Bedecked with regal dwellings, not a few,
Which here and there adorn the mighty mound.
ST. HELENS next, a fair, enchanted ground,
A stately Isle in glowing foliage dressed,
Laved by the dark St. Lawrence all around,
Giving a grace to its enamored breast,
As pleasing to the eye as Hochelaga's crest.

XXXIX.

I've stood upon yon Mountain when the sun
Entered his cloud-built palace in the west,
Like a proud, Royal Nimrod, who had won

His home, and doffed his richest-broidered vest.
Beneath me, the vast city lay at rest;
Its great heart throbbing gently, like the close
Of Day. A prayer lay folded in my breast,
And from my lips in silence it uprose,
For heaven's blessing on that city's calm repose.

XL.

For there dwelt one, who, in my Boyhood's days,
I loved with a deep passion. Many years
Have sung around me the wild paraphrase
Of life since then; and I've shed bitter tears,
And smiled heart-smiles; known many hopes and fears;
But my Boy-love has stood the test of time,
And ripened like her beauty. The fool leers
At Love's sun mellowing fair Childhood's clime,
Love, beauteous to the Child, to Man becomes sublime.

XLI.

There was a joyousness within her eyes,
Like the sun's light illumining the blue
Of heaven, making earth a paradise.
Gladness, like a celestial spirit passing through
The gates of morn, rose white-winged on the view,
Whene'er you looked upon her lovely face.
Love sat upon her lips, and love's sweet dew
Fell from them, leaving there a sunny trace,
As 'f touched by angel's wings they caught angelic grace.

XLII.

I could have mellowed in her light of Love,
And breathed my soul out on her lips of Song!
Afar off have I worshipped her, and strove
With my pure passion day by day. How long
Will my lone spirit wander through the throng
Of human hearts until it lives in thine?
Know, Maiden, that my love is deep and strong
As yonder Rapid, and as serpentine,
Rock after rock it strikes, seeking a joy divine.

CANZONET.

The balmy summer days are here,
The Robin warbleth in the tree,
But Summer, Spring, nor song-birds bring
One note of love from thee.

The roses will put forth their buds,
Green leaves adorn each ardent tree,
But in my heart will never start
One rose-bud hope for thee.

The sun leans down to kiss the flowers,
To flush the blossoms of the tree,
But to my love no carrier-dove
Brings warmth and light from thee.

The happy woodlands throb with song,
Music is breathed from tree to tree;
With Winter's fleece these songs will cease,
But not my love for thee.

XLIII.

The dancing current, like a happy child,
Mellifluously laughs, as down the stream
We glide, past many a cot and rural wild,
Like visions mellowed by the moonlight's beam.
We cannot stay for these; a loftier theme
Awaits us. See! our shallop seems to feel
The joyous impulse of our waking dream,
And parts the waters with its anxious keel,
Exulting in the joys that through our bosoms steal.

XLIV.

Yet there are graceful landscapes thickly strewn
Along these banks, to muse on and admire;
Here stands a maiden cottage all alone,
There the low church extends its gleaming spire.—
Scenes, where Arcadian dreamers might retire,
And live in pastoral meditation, free
From every low, inordinate desire.
Yon group of dwellings—what felicity
Speaks from their eloquent repose! where even he

XLV.

Of lonely Vaucluse might have sighed, and ne'er
Been tempted by fair Psyche's winning smile
From his pure love's Penelope. And here,
Varennes, like a fair Eden purged from guile,
Sits smiling on the night; yon aged pile
With its bright spires reposing on its breast.

Yonder, the Holy Mountain of Rouville,
Like a huge cloud that had come down to rest,
Looms far against the sky, and on its sombre crest

XLVI.

Shineth the Pilgrim's Cross, that long hath cheered
The weary wanderer from distant lands,
Who, as his stately pinnace onward steered,
Bless'd his Faith's symbol with uplifted hands.
Swift through the Richileau! Past the white sands
That spangle fair Batiscan's pleasant shore
We glide, where fairy dwellings dot the strands;
How gracefully yon aged elms brood o'er
The shrubbery that yearneth for their mystic lore,

XLVII.

When the winds commune with the tell-tale limbs,
And many-voicéd leaves. That is St. Pierre,
Where the tall poplars—which the night bedims,
Lift their sharp outlines through the solemn air.
Past these white cottages to L'Avenir,
Another site of beauty. Lovelier yet
The Plateau, slumbering in the foliage there;
And gay Cap Sainte, like a Wild Love, beset
With wooers, bringing gems to deck her coronet.

XLVIII.

The Whippoorwill, among the slumberous trees,
Flingeth her solitary triple cry

Upon the busy lips of every breeze,
That wafts it in wild echoes up the sky,
And through the answering woods, incessantly.
Surely some pale Ophelia's spirit wails
In this remorseless bird's impassioned sigh,
That like a lost soul haunts the lonely dales!
Maiden, sing me one of thy pleasing madrigals.

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

Ere the dawn, one morning early,
Jeannie tripped the meadows o'er,
Passing by the fields of barley,
By the cottage at the shore:
"There his faith was pledged and broken,
'Neath yon tree beside the Mill!"
From the tree, when she had spoken,
Came a dismal "Whip-poor-will!"
"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"
From the tree beside the Mill
Piped the doleful Whippoorwill.

"Truly," Jeannie said, "poor Willie?
He was false to heaven and me;
He was false, and I was silly,
Yet the bird sings heartlessly.
Nevermore we'll sit at gloaming,
'Neath the tree beside the Mill;
Willie's heart has gone a-roaming!"
Quoth the harsh bird—"Whip-poor-will!"

"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"
From the tree beside the Mill
Piped the doleful Whippoorwill.

Jeannie's heart was all compassion,
Jeannie's lips a pardon sighed;
"Absent loves are all the fashion!"—
"Whip-poor-will!" the rude bird cried,
From the pasture tripped the Maiden,
With her foamy milking pail,
Every roaming breeze was laden
With the strange bird's heartless wail:
"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!'
In the tree beside the Mill
Piped the doleful Whippoorwill.

From the cottage by the river
Truant Willie, blushing, came,
Jeannie's heart would still misgive her,
Though he softly spake her name:
"Ever since that evening, Jeannie,
That we parted at the Mill,
All the night long, bright or rainy,
Shrieked that noisy Whippoorwill."
"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"
From the tree beside the Mill
Piped the saucy Whippoorwill.

On the Maiden's lips paused Willie,
Jeannie never asked the cause,

But all patience, like a silly
Little Maiden as she was,
Held her mouth up like a flower,
That her bee might sip his fill,
While the bird, with startling power,
Shrieked his wildest "Whip-poor-will!"
"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"
Nevermore beside the Mill
Piped that noisy Whippoorwill.

XLIX.

Th' inconstant moon has passed behind a cloud,
Cape Diamond shows its sombre-colored bust,
As if the mournful Night had thrown a shroud
Over this pillar to a hero's dust.
Well may she weep; hers is no trivial trust;
His cenotaph may crumble on the plain,
Here stands a pile that dares the rebel's lust
For spoliation: one that will remain—
A granite seal—brave Wolfe! set upon Victory's Fane.

L.

Quebec! how regally it crowns the height,
Like a tanned giant on a solid throne!
Unmindful of the sanguinary fight,
The roar of cannon mingling with the moan
Of mutilated soldiers years agone,
That gave the place a glory and a name
Among the nations. France was heard to groan;

England rejoiced, but checked the proud acclaim—
A brave young chief had fall'n to vindicate her fame.

LI.

Wolfe and Montcalm! two nobler names ne'er graced
The page of history, or the hostile plain;
No braver souls the storm of battle faced,
Regardless of the danger or the pain.
They pass'd unto their rest without a stain
Upon their nature or their generous hearts.
One graceful column to the noble twain
Speaks of a nation's gratitude, and starts
The tear that Valor claims, and Feeling's self imparts.

LII.

Far up the Golden Ladder of the Morn
Had climbed the sun, upon the Autumn day
That led me to these battlements. The corn
Upon the distant fields was ripe. Away
To the far left the swelling highlands lay;
The quiet cove, the river, bright and still;
The gallant ships that made the harbor gay;
And, like a Thought swayed by a potent Will,
Point Levi, seated at the foot of the Old Hill:

LIII.

What were the Gardens and the Terraces,
The stately dwellings, and the monuments

Upreared to human fame, compared to these?
Those ancient hills stood proudly ere the tents
Of the first Voyageurs—swart visitants
From the fair, sunny Loire—were pitched upon
Wild Stadacona's* height. The armaments
Whose mighty thunder clove the solid stone,
Defaced yon granite cape, that answered groan for groan.

LIV.

Down the rough slope Montmorenci's torrent pours,
We cannot view it by this feeble ray,
But, hark! its thunders leap along the shores,
Thrilling the cliffs that guard the beauteous bay;
And now the moon shines on our downward way,
Showing fair Orleans' enchanting Isle,
Its fields of grain, and meadows sweet with hay;
Along the fertile shores fresh landscapes smile,
Cheering the watchful eye for many a pleasant mile.

LV.

It seems like passing by some Fairy-realm.
The cottages are whiter than the snow.
Joy at the prow, and true love at the helm,
Both heaven and earth smile on us as we go.
Surely they never feel the breath of woe,
The dwellers on this Isle. Spire after spire
Points to the heav'n whose presence seems to glow

* Stadacona—the original name for Quebec.

Within their happy bosoms who aspire
To naught beyond their hearths, their own dear household fire.

LVI.

Peace to their cheerful homes! where bless'd Content
Reigns paramount throughout the circling year.
A courteous, gentle race, as ever blent
Religion with Simplicity. The cheer
That greets the stranger who may wander here
Glows with the zeal of hospitality.
Peace to their quiet homes! where blanching fear
Ne'er enters, nursed by jealous rivalry.
From the world's bitter strife the Habitant is free.

LVII.

The billowy River rolls its proudest wave,
The zephyrs have fled, dancing, o'er the hills,
And the winds tread the waters, wildly-grave,
Like the Storm-Harpists gliding down the rills
Of their own native mountains, 'gainst their wills.
Brighter the moon above us; brighter all
The patient stars, whose pensive beauty thrills
Our yearning souls, like distant tones that fall
On waiting ears hearkening for an Angel's call.

LVIII.

Brighter the night, and whiter every cot
And glancing spire that silvers in the moon;

Intensely glows each little garden plot;
The sparkling villages at random strewn
Along the brooding shore, where Bacchus,* boon
Companion of the merry crowd, once held
His regal court: his prudent subjects soon
Stripped off his purple vestments, and rebelled,
And wisely still disown the Monarch they expelled.

LIX.

Now swiftly down towards the salt-breathed sea
The cool wind wafts us, and we bid farewell
To the lone Isle that slumbers on our lee;
Farewell, perchance, forever. Who can tell?
Years hence, in separate lands, our thoughts may dwell,
But for a little moment, on this night,
And Memory may wake within her cell,
And lead us here by this same starry light,
Our long-divided souls, embracing, reünite.

PARTING SONG.

Part! the word must not be spoken!
Part! our hearts must ne'er be broken!
Rivers meet and mix forever,
Why are we, love, doomed to sever?
Oh! the cruel, cruel anguish!
How the senses droop and languish!

* The Island of Orleans—once called the "Isle of Bacchus" from the abundance of its grapes, which have now entirely disappeared.

For the fiat may be spoken,
And our hearts may both be broken!

Comes the Night, the Evening greeting,
Ever thus behold them meeting;
But for us—what hope before us?
Not a star is shining o'er us;
But the heav'n of love is clouded,
Wildly, darkly, blackly shrouded,
For an iron tongue hath spoken,
And our hope in hope is broken!

In my brain a fire is burning,
Backward to my heart returning,
And my nerves, that drooped to sadness,
Are re-strung to desp'rate madness!
Leap, ye burning thoughts that rend me,
Let not Pity's voice befriend me!
Curs'd the lips that lie hath spoken!
For our hearts shall not be broken!

LX.

Cape Tormente lifts itself above the hills
That gird it round about, like sentinels
Guarding some great king's palace, whose grandeur fills
Their hearts with pride and love. Up the steep dells
Crawl the night-vapors, dimming the gray swells
Of mount and hill that in the distance rise,
Cloud-like and faint. Ev'n on those uplands dwells

The faithful Habitant; and when he dies,
His children, jealous of the ancient family ties,

LXI.

Keep the old Homestead sacred. What a night!
It must have borrowed somewhat of the day,
In honor of thine eyes, love. The warm light
That bathes yon church and village, is as gay
And cheering as if the first golden ray
Of morning's sun had pierced it with its beams.
Some Recluse, yonder, keeps his holiday
In that obscure ravine. Peace to his dreams!
Uncursed with lust of gold, or wild, unholy schemes.

LXII.

Still loftily looms the Cape! Still proudly soar
The vassal Hills—innumerable—vast!
And majesty and beauty evermore
Surfeit the sense with a divine repast.
Another group of dwellings—'t is the last;
Another spire flashing above the trees
That screen the little church. Our slender mast
Leans to the gale, and while the glorious breeze
Quickens our speed, look round, for there are charms to please

LXIII.

On either hand. A dream it well might be:
Hills rising here, and mountains looming there;
Islands reposing on a moonlit sea

With which the winds are toying; everywhere
The shores are bold, precipitous and fair.
Grosse Isle sits dreamily-languid; all around,
Its subject-islands slumber. In the air
The clouds have melted into light. No sound
Stirs the sweet calm, save where the jovial billows bound.

LXIV.

Press on, courageous bark!—the wind is fair,
As it should ever be when Love sets sail
Beneath such skies as these, whose glowing air
Quickens our souls, as odors scent the gale.
Soon will the stars be dim, the Moon grow pale,
As with Orion down the dreamy west
She wanders, like a Beauty, proud and frail,
To where her lonely couch waits to be press'd,
A fearful secret in her warm, voluptuous breast.

LXV.

This Isle* might guard the entrance to a sphere
Of heavenly tranquillity! The mind
Puts off its weight of cares, for Beauty here
Sits like a wondrous deity enshrined
Among the hills. Oh, God! but Thou art kind!
St. Paul's delightful Bay, fit mirror for
The stars, glows like a vision which the wind
Wafts by some Angel standing on the shore,
As bless'd as if he trod heaven's star-enameled floor.

*Isle Aux Coudres—Filbert Island.

LXVI.

The distant knolls are soft as midnight clouds
Filled with bright memories of departed day.
Like purple glories rolling up the woods,
This rugged wilderness which we survey
Extends in wild, magnificent array,
To regions rarely trod by mortal feet.
Ev'n here, love, though we would, we cannot stay;
We cannot loiter near this calm retreat;
The Morn approaches, and his fiery steeds are fleet.

LXVII.

These two majestic hills* kneel down to kiss
The village at their feet; the cottages,
Pearl-like and glowing, speak of human bliss,
With a low, eloquent tongue. Fit symbols, these,
Of a diviner life—of perfect Ease
Allied to bless'd Repose. The church spire looks
Like a sweet promise smiling through the trees;
While far beyond this loveliest of nooks,
The finely-rounded swells dream of the babbling brooks.

LXVIII.

Eboullemens† sleeps serenely in the arms
Of the Maternal hill, upon whose breast
It lies, like a sweet, infant soul, whose charms

* At Little St. Paul's Bay—one of the most delightful pictures on the route.

† A most delightful little village of this name, looking like a vision of Romance or Fairy-tale.

Fill some fond mother's bosom with that rest
Caused by the presence of a heavenly guest.
How coyly—close—it nestles! how retired,
Half conscious of its charms, and half oppress'd,
As with a blushing sense of being admired;
As modest as a gem, with gem-like beauty fired.

LXIX.

The stream reflects these cottages, like swans
Reposing on its surface, or faint dreams
But half remembered when the morning dawns,
And tremulous sleep wakes with the day's first beams.
Past the monotonous "Capes."* The moonlight gleams
Full on the mossy slopes and banks that lie
Along the silent shores, as well beseems
So fair a region. Why, love, dost thou sigh?
But wherefore ask, loved one? My own heart tells me why:

LXX.

Our spirits are as one. The morning, love,
Will part us. We have lived an age to-night.
Love is immortal. Hope is from above.
Sit nearer to me, for thine eyes are bright
With tears. There is a fairer land in sight.
Our love is sphered with truth. Eternity
Will crown that love, if we but love aright;

*Le Caps.

If Love be Truth, indeed. Soft-eyed one! we
Must seek beyond the veil what here can never be!

LXXI.

Welcome the granite sternness of MALBAIE!*
The last dim light of the declining moon
Falls dimly on its rugged banks. The day
Will shortly waken from its dreamy swoon;
His chariot long hath swept the sullen noon
Of midnight; and beneath our feet, the sun
Rolls, flaming, towards the East. His fierce breath soon
Along the undulating hills will run,
Rousing the piney vales and forests, one by one.

LXXII.

And Darkness, like a Fate, comes stealing down
In her black mantle, step by step, until
The trembling stars have dwindled down to one
P[illegible], solitary watcher. Lone and chill
Falls its meek glance on river, wood and hill.
See, you can even mark its heart-beats, love!
Each mortal has his mission to fulfil,
Each planet is accountable to Jove,
Both do His high behests, His sovereign Will approve.

LXXIII.

I knew a man whose prayerful soul was set
To a devotional music, like a psalm

*Murray Bay.

Fresh from a Master-Artist's brain; and yet,
There came a time when his mind's starriest calm
Was quenched in Unbelief. Once, like a palm
He flourished, till deep thinking brought a doubt
Of a Hereafter, and the Great I AM!
Like a new light, Faith slowly came, and out
Of his dark world he strode, believing and devout.

LXXIV.

So rolls the bright Dawn up the Orient,
Out of the pitchy hour that precedes
The flush of Day. Darkness was surely sent
To make the Light more blessed. The heart bleeds
That has been sown with Error—lo! the seeds
Have brought forth Truth. So Good from Evil springs
And all is mystery. Our noblest deeds
May bring us bitter fruits. Frail man who clings
To Life, is perfected when Death reveals all things.

LXXV.

The Morning Star has gone back into heaven,
The Sun's light-footed Herald, the gray Dawn,
Is passing upwards, and the dusk is riven
By a warm tinge, like to a purple lawn,
O'er which a misty saffron veil is drawn.
But warmer is the rose-tint spreading now
Along the dim horizon, erst so wan,
Like Health returning to the pallid brow
And cheek of some young sufferer, with a welcome glow.

PEAN TO THE DAWN.

In the East the blooming Angel,
  Morning, hov'reth, like a gorgeous rose,
Waking many a fair Evangel
  From her heavenly repose.
From her brow a radiant glory
  Falls, like fire from above,
Telling the impassioned story
  Of God's everlasting love.
Love's Angels ever walk their starry round,
And each new Morn beholds Love newly crowned.

Love, that at the primal waking
  Of the Dawn in Eden's bowers,
Wandered through the Garden, slaking
  His warm thirst from Eden's flowers;
And the same sweet Eden-nectar
  Flows wherever Love is found,
Even when the midnight's spectre
  Treads upon earth's hallowed ground.
Love's Angels ever walk their starry round,
And with each Morning Love is newly crowned.

Blessed light of early Morning!
  At whose dawn the stars retire,
With thy warmth our souls adorning,
  Fill us with love's ardent fire—
With the love that comes from heaven,
  With the hope that soars on high,
That our faults may all be shriven,

As thy splendors fill the sky.
Love's Angels ever walk their starry round,
And with each Morning Love is newly crowned.

Calmly is the River glowing,
Like a burnished, crystal sea,
Like pure thoughts forever flowing
Heavenward eternally.
Slowly up the distant mountains
Rolls the changing purple screen,
While the swift rills, from their fountains
Leaping, clothe their sides with green.
Love's Angels ever walk their starry round,
And with each Morning Love is newly crowned.

O'er the earth Love's blooming Angels
Loiter, hand in hand with Morn,
Fair-browed, golden-crowned Evangels,
Twin companions, heaven-born.
Life, and Light, and Joy attending,
Hymns and prayers salute their ears,
Earth's sweet hallelujahs blending
With the anthems of the spheres.
Love's Angels ever walk their starry round,
And with each Morning Love is newly crowned.

LXXVI.

Like maid-wife waiting for her wedded lord,
The morn waits for the sun with a flushed cheek.
I hear the songs of birds; the breeze has stirred

Their dwellings, as it rustled from the peak
Of yonder mountain with a playful shriek.
Now my fair shallop, leap! the blessed Day
Opens its crystal gates, and up the meek
And wan-faced sky the sun's darts cleave their way,
As our bark cleaves the black and frowning SAGUENAY.

LXXVII.

Mysterious Source of Light, triumphant Sun!
A Royal Witness hast thou been to me
Of th' existence of the Eternal One!
But e'en thy light compared with Deity,
Is as a dew-drop to the boundless sea.
What Angel-plaudits from surrounding spheres
Must have been echoed through infinity,
When first above thy myriads of compeers
Thou rod'st, exulting o'er the starry charioteers.

LXXVIII.

Couldst thou reveal the secret of thy birth,
The pain and travail of thy Parent, Night,
The worlds would glow with wonder, as the earth
Glows with the fervor of thy glorious light.
Roll on in all thy mystery and might!
For thou art worthy of the Hand Divine
That waved thee into being, in the sight
Of His archangels, and the heavenly line
Of saints, who, wondering, praised the Omnipotent Design.

LXXIX.

In golden volumes rolls the blessed light
Along the sterile mountains. Pile on Pile
The granite masses rise to left and right:
Bald, stately bluffs that never wear a smile;
Where vegetation fails to reconcile
The parchéd shrubbery and stunted trees
To the stern mercies of the flinty soil.
And we must pass a thousand bluffs like these,
Within whose breasts are locked a myriad mysteries.

LXXX.

Here is a barren crag, at whose brown feet
Patiently sits the church and gleams the spire.
Commerce has found this a deserved retreat;
Here groan the mills, and there, the household fire
Sends up its smoke above the struggling briar
And dwarfish evergreens that grow between
The stubborn rocks—that grow but to expire.
Not here the thrifty farmer's face serene—
The lumberer alone lends life to the grim scene.

LXXXI.

No further evidence of life, save where
The young whales bask their broad backs in the sun,
Or the gay grampus, sportive as a hare,
Leaps and rejoices, playfully as one
In youth who sees some holiday begun.
Perhaps a crowded steamer, passing by,

Lights up the scene a moment. Trebly dun
The shades of sullen loneliness that lie
On rugged L'Ance l'eau when no living thing is nigh.

LXXXII.

Over the darkening waters! on through scenes
Whose unimaginable wildness fills
The mind with joy insatiate, and weans
The soul from earth, to Him whose Presence thrills
All Beauty as all Truth. These iron Hills!
In what profusion did He pile them here,
Thick as the flowers that blossom where the rills
Chant to the primal woods. Year after year
In solitude eternal, rapt in contemplation drear.

LXXXIII.

Dreaming of the old years before they rose
Triumphant from the deep, whose waters roll'd
Above their solemn and unknown repose;
Dreaming of that bright morning, when, of old,
Beyond the Red Man's memory, they told
The Secrets of the Ages to the sun,
That smiled upon them from his throne of gold;
Dreaming of the bright stars and loving moon,
That first shone on them from the Night's impressive noon:

LXXXIV.

Dreaming of the long ages that have passed
Since then, and with them that diminished race

Whose birchen fleets these inky waters glassed,
As they swept o'er them with the wind's swift pace.
Of their wild legends scarce remains a trace;
Thou hold'st the myriad secrets in thy brain,
Oh! stately bluffs! As well seek to efface
The light of the bless'd stars, as to obtain
From thy sealed, granite lips, tradition or refrain!

LXXXV.

But they are there, though man may never know
Their number or their beauty. Pass the eye
Along the ever-looming scene, where'er we go,
Through these long corridors of rock and sky—
What startling barriers, rising sullenly
From the dark deeps, like giants, seem to place
An adamantine gateway, close and high,
To bar our progress; meet them face to face,
The magic doors fly open, and the rocks recede apace.

LXXXVI.

Hills piled on rugged hills! But see, how drear,
And with what startling solitariness,
The TETE DE BOULE looms yonder! Cold and clear
In isolated grandeur, the huge mass,
Like the stern Magi of this granite pass,
He stands amid-stream, thoughtfully apart
From his far-off companions. Once, alas!
I knew a stately soul, with lone, sad heart,
And thus to me he sung—that mountain's counterpart:

VANISHED HOPES.

I've supped with depression and feasted with sorrow,
The hot tears of anguish have withered my heart;
And now, death might strike down my last hope to-morrow,
Not one tear is left me to deaden his dart.

From youth up to manhood a scourge was upon me,
Few roses of pleasure have bloomed in life's crown;
No rainbow of promise wherein I might sun me,
The grasp of a fate is still bearing me down.

And thus like a tree in the lone desert—blasted,
Dry, leafless and withered—dead, sapless and bare,
I long for love's sweet dews, once mine, now untasted,
And stand like a wretch stricken dumb with despair!

LXXXVII.

Not often these imperishable hills
Are startled by the cheering Voice of Song.
Swift flies our fleet bark onward, ev'n as rills
Leap, crystal-footed, like starbeams, along
Steep mountain sides, that, resolute and strong,
Heed not their graceful steps. There is no sign
Of human habitation seen among
These heaven-reaching bluffs; no beach supine,
Or banks inviting, where the weary might recline.

LXXXVIII.

One solitary sea gull hovering,
Like an adventurous spirit, o'er the deep,

And he, too, glides as silent on the wing
As a child's thoughts of heaven. Parched and steep,
The red-browed mountains slumber, like the sleep
Of a drugged giant—dreamless, deep and wild.
A few dwarfed pines and impish cedars creep
Along the embrowned summits, half-beguiled
By the warm sunbeams, where no foliage ever smiled.

LXXXIX.

But as our restless shallop from her prow
Scatters the liquid pearls in her mad haste,
These naked boulders lag behind, and now
The smiling hills with verdant life are graced.
Like a lone star twinkling above the waste
Of ocean, when the youthful mariner sees
That the portentous storm has safely pass'd,
Is yonder distant dwelling, where the breeze
Frills the calm bay, and flirts with the coquetting trees:

XC.

Slumbering at the base of two high rocks,
It looks like Patience at the feet of Death.
Or, fancy it some grave magician's box,
Which, opened, wafts a pestilential breath
Along the mountains, an invisible wreath
Of subtlest essence, permeating through
Their granite pores, sapping all life beneath,
And robbing their bald summits of the blue
And rich ærial tints, where the tall cedars grew.

XCI.

A green delightful valley, sweetly smiles
Close to those rocks, as if an Angel-path
Led to the shore from the remotest hills,
That lave their heads in an ambrosial bath
Of vapors and warm sunlight, such as hath
Been carried down from heaven in the urns
Of ministering spirits. Free from scathe
Is this sweet vale, where some fair sprite sojourns,
In smiling contrast to the blasted mountain ferns.

XCII.

Here, the dark pines clothe the steep mountain-side,
There, heavy beetling cliffs, rugged and bald,
Lift their gray heads above the sunny tide—
Like the stern phantom of some Prophet-Scald
Of the old time, by magic wiles enthralled:
Full of his Scandinavian fire, and yet
Spell-bound and silent, like a ghost appalled.
A river, winding, like a rivulet,
Through the thick woods and reverential hills, has set

XCIII.

Its seal of freshness on the changeful wild.
A stately ship lies anchored in the bay;
Like an Oasis to the Desert-child,
It speaks of Life. No rocks can bar the way
Where Love and Hope lend wings to human clay:
The granite knots roll from us, like a cloud
Of vapor up the sunny-minded Day,

When Morn looks down from heaven: They have bowed
Their stubborn heads, and parted, like a daunted crowd

XCIV.

Of evil spirits who have seen the sun.
These hills lie mingled in a soft embrace,
As if they felt the joy that makes us one
When human hearts unite, and face to face
Love looks on Love, discovering that trace
Of Eden that yet lingers in the heart:
Are they the offspring, love, of some old race
Of mountains, that no Geologic art
Can trace—no whisper of their deep old loves impart?

SONG.

Oh! give me the love of your woman's heart,
And the light of your cheerful eye!
And the earth will change
From a phantom strange
To a heaven with stars and sky;
And the Sun of Hope
Up the gleaming cope,
Like the Genius of Love, will roll,
And dark Night no more
Will obscure the shore
Where beckons Love's mystic Soul!

For your love is as deep as the comet's sweep,
When it reels from its astral lair,

And your looks as bright
As the lustrous light
The sun shakes from his golden hair.
As pure as the hue
Of the summer blue,
That is warmed by the sunset's glow,
Are the thoughts that rise
In your cheerful eyes
To banish the Demon, Woe.

I'd pillow my head on your snowy breast,
And my heart, like a cymbal fine,
Would throb with a tone
That were Music's own,
When it wakened a chord of thine :
Then the Sun of Hope
Up Life's gleaming cope,
The true Genius of Love would roll,
And dark Night no more
Would obscure the shore
Where beckons Love's mystic Soul.

XCV.

Nature has here put on her royalest dress,
And CAPE ETERNITY looms grandly up,
Like a God reigning in the Wilderness
Holding communion with the distant cope,
Interpreting the stars' dreams, as they ope
Their silver gates, where stand his regal kin.

Oh! for some special gift! to give full scope
To the soul's promptings, so that I might win
To earth some portion of the fire that burns within.

XCVI.

A deep and overpowering solitude
Reigns undisturbed along the varied scene.
A wilderness of Beauty, stern and rude,
In undulating swells of wavy green;
Soft, airy slopes, bold, massive and serene;
Rich in wild beauty and sublimity,
From the far summits in their piney sheen,
Down to the shadows thrown by rock and tree
Along the dark, deep wave, that slumbers placidly.

XCVII.

He, love, who flushed the daisy built the world.
All things come perfect from His Master-hand.
The stars, His Thoughts, through wide creation whirled,
Down to the minutest monad of sand
Upon the shore, in equal glory stand
Before His sight. But Man, and man alone,
He holds supremest of the works He planned:
And yet, how like Earth's faintest monotone,
Compared to Heaven's choir, he seems, when thrown

XCVIII.

In puny contrast to a work like this.
Slope after slope, wave after wave of light

And graceful foliage, which the sun's warm kiss
Thrills, from the centre to the farthest height.
The mind soars God-ward with a keen delight,
And proudly beats the undisciplined heart,
Rendering homage to the Infinite,
As from the Cape's embrace the wild shapes start,
Filling the soul with dreams that nevermore depart.

XCIX.

A playful waterfall comes dashing down,
As silvery as the laughter of a child
Dancing upon the greensward, and the sun
Scatters his golden arrows through the wild,
Cleaving the molten-silver stream that smiled
So lovingly upon his earliest beams.
So unsuspecting Innocence, beguiled
By Pleasures, soft as sunlight upon streams,
Flies the swift darts that pierce the enamel of its dreams.

C.

Is there a soul so dead to nature's charms,
That thrills not here in this divine retreat?
Love lures me evermore to Woman's arms,
But here I kneel at Nature's hallowed feet!
Love fills my being with a calm, replete,
But regal Nature sets my spirit free
With grateful praises to God's Mercy seat.
Yet nature binds me closer, love, to thee:
Ev'n as this dreamy Bay,* in sweet felicity;

* Trinity Bay—after passing Cape Eternity.

CI.

Woos both the sun's light, and the cool shade
Of the umbrageous woods to its embrace.
What deep imaginings of Peace pervade
Its heavenly repose, as Nature's face
Peers down, in mild, unutterable grace,
Like a calm Student seeking Pearls of Thought
In some fair Beauty's mind, where he can trace
Through her warm slumber, how her soul is fraught
With pure deep Love, by heavenly inspiration taught.

CII.

Strong, eager thoughts come crowding to my eyes,
Earnest and swift, like Romans in the race,
As in stern grandeur, looming up the skies,
This Monarch of the Bluffs,* with kingly grace,
Stands firmly fixed in his eternal place,
Like the great Samson of the Saguenay,
The stately parent of the giant race
Of mountains, scattered—thick as ocean spray
Sown by the tempest—up this granite-guarded way.

CIII.

My lips are mute. I cannot speak the thought
That, like a bubble on the placid sea,
Bursts ere it tells the tale with which 't is fraught.
Another comes, and so, eternally,
They rise in hope, to wander spirit-free

* Trinity Rock—a stupendous mass of granite.

About the earth. 'T were best they should not break
The Silence, which itself is ecstacy
And Godlike Eloquence, or my frail voice shake
A single echo, the expressive Calm to break.

CIV.

Like tears of Gladness o'er a giant's face,
The streams leap perpendicularly down
The polished sides of the steep precipice,
That glooms the waters with its sullen frown,
Until they seem as massive as the brown,
Bold, naked rock, that rears its swarthy crest,
Its anatomic form, and triple crown
Of granite, far above the earth's unrest,
Claiming a lofty seat, like Truth made manifest.

CV.

Let us return, love,* for the goal is won.
Here, by this Rock, 't is doomed that we must part,
And part forever; for the glorious Sun
Of Love, that quickeneth my earnest heart,
Shines not for thee, alone. The Dream of Art
That calms the happy Student's sweet repose,
Is like our Dream of Love—the first swift dart
Shot by young Phœbus from his chamber, goes
Like lightning through his vision's blooming heart of rose.

* Back to Trinity Rock.

CVI.

Already thou art gone, with one last look
Of love from those exalted eyes of thine,
That cheered me as we read from nature's book
Together, and partook of the divine
Ambrosial draught of love's celestial wine.
Another earnest being at my side!—
Not her whose Girlhood's dreamy love was mine;
Not her whose heart Affliction's fire has tried;
Not her of the Artistic soul, and stately pride,

CVII.

Who shook my being as the autumn winds
Shake down the timid leaves. Loved-one! I hear
The voice within syllabl'ing words that bind
Our souls, and blend them for a nobler sphere
Of usefulness and action—year by year
Ascending in the scale of being, far
Above the trifling mind's obscure career,
And mounting to Perfection, like a star
For whose triumphant flight heaven's crystalline gates unbar.

CVIII.

My love is strong as yon enduring Rock!
Deep as the thoughtful waters at its feet!—
Oh! could my willing voice find words t' unlock
Its depths, and free the sleeping echoes, fleet
As the swift-footed chamois, they would greet
The far-surrounding hills with such a tale

Of passion as had never left its seat
Within the heart of man. The bounding gale,
And the low-whispering breeze, should chant it to the vale.

CIX.

And the dread Silence, seated on the brow
Of the exalted Bluff, would start, and find
An hundred tongues to utter vow for vow;
Startling the browsing elk and slumbering hind,
In the resounding woods. Like Truth enshrined
Within the well, so in my steadfast soul
Love waited for thee, as the patient mind
Waits for the coming thought that will extol
Some lofty purpose struggling skyward to its goal.

CX.

All, all is thine, love, now: Each thought and hope
In the long future must be shared with thee.
Lean on my bosom; let my strong heart ope
Its founts of love, that the wild ecstacy
That quickens every pulse, and makes me free
As a God's wishes, may serenely move
Thy inmost being with the mystery
Of the new life that has just dawned, and prove
How unutterably deep and strong is Human Love.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

SPRING.

The Spring is in the air,
I feel her spirit-kiss upon my lips,
I lay my forehead bare,
And the blood rushes to my finger-tips,
And back through the full veins of my glad heart:

Her purple breath is warm
In every pore of my encarmined cheek,
And through my limbs the storm
Of renewed life, no longer winter-weak,
Gives health and vigor to each vital part.

I fling my arms abroad,
And clasp the atmosphere unto my breast,
I feel the grassy sod
Beneath my feet springing from its long rest,
Like buried hopes arising in the soul:

The erewhile aged hills
With youth reänimate are fresh and green,
From their old lips the rills
Leap forth, like crystal images serene,
Pearl thoughts of wisdom bounding to their goal.

Close by the gray old stone
Where sat the Boy, where lately paused the Man,
A violet has blown—
The eye of Pallas on the cheek of Pan—
A blue-eyed infant at a giant's feet:

Over the meadows pass
The bronzéd butterflies and the wild bees,
Searching in the young grass
For the fresh daisies; and the lilac trees
Surfeit the odorous air with breathings sweet.

The fields are carpeted
With amethystine hyacinthes; the rose
Peers from its leafy bed
Along the ledge; the purling brooklet flows
Over the white sands to the lilies' side:

Here, in the apple tree,
Where, surely as the spring time comes, is heard
His soft, rich melody,
The happy robin sits—a welcome bird,
Waking the pulse to joy each morning tide.

The music of the bells
Tinkling among the early shepherd flocks,
In silvery pantings, swells
Along the Orient, ere the saffron locks
Of the proud sun have yellowed o'er the sea:

Scarcely a breath of air
Quickens the thrilling silence of the vale;

But the warm Spring is there,
A thousand choirs her rosy presence hail,
Stirring the heart-chords all to minstrelsy—

Rousing the organ-tone
That peals melodiously through the old woods,
Making the forests groan
With music, shaking the deep solitudes
Whose vigorous allelujahs rouse the morn:

The many-voicéd hills
Take up the pæan, bearing it along
Until the wild chant fills
The vocal wilderness with solemn song:
"Shout mighty forests! for to-day is born

"The rosy-featured Spring!
Shout your deep-chested pæans, till the bass,
Upon the lightning wing
Of startled Echo, fills the listening space
With psalmy welcome to our light-robed Queen:

"Her breath is in the air,
It floats upon the distant mountain peak,
The strolling zephyrs bear
Her loving kisses to each human cheek,
And Spring reigns blandly o'er the wide demesne."

A POET'S LOVE.

Oh! solitary heart!
Companionless as the unresting sea;
And yet, how skilled thou art
In Love's impenetrable mystery!

Like a coy maid,
Whose love and virtue are her only dower,
Thou seemest half afraid
Of thy exhaustless and well-governed power.

Thy love is too serene,
Exalted, and immortal, to be felt,
Even by thy chosen queen,
In whose cold arms thou couldst have ever dwelt,

Like a warm pearl
Imprisoned in the granite's rayless breast.
Oh! heart, thou art no churl!
But in Love's Golden Palace formed to rest.

Yes, love for love,
Love like thine own, 't is all thou'st ever sought,
But vainly hast thou strove,
Like flushed youth after fame, and found it not.

Love watcheth evermore
Within thee, from his cruel prison bars,
Like Eleanor in her tower,
Night-blooming Cereus longing for the stars.

I knew a noble youth,
He was as timid as a Bengalee,
But in his heart sat Truth,
And Love sat at her feet, all modestly,

As blooms the violet
Beneath the perfume of the queenly rose;
His being's tide was set
Love-ward, like a flushed summer sunset's close.

And there was one he deemed
All worthy of the worship of his soul;
One, who, in all things, seemed
Born but to guide him to his vision's goal.

Hemmed in with Love,
Like a fair island with a coral reef,
His spirit soared above
The world, like Joy exalted above Grief.

Love was his atmosphere,
He breathed it as men breathe the southern balm;
His young mind, year by year,
Grew upright as a Coromandel palm.

Her presence was his shield,
Like the white plume of Henry of Navarre
Upon the battle field,
Where'er he look'd, there loomed his guiding star

She was as fair
And beautiful as the anemone,

Pure as the morning air
Fresh from the mountain summits or the sea.

They loved their rural homes,
And while she helped the aged cottage dame,
He labored at huge tomes,
And on his fane of love built spires of fame.

His were great visions now,
Hers, the sweet joy to elevate his dreams;
Thought sat upon his brow,
Upon her face a glory, such as beams

Upon an angel's face
When a ripe Truth falls from some human brain,
And wins the usurped place
Where Error long had held its iron reign.

There came a gallant youth,
All scent, and curls, and foppery and pride,
Who knew no more of Truth
Than the young infant of the year that died.

And he, too, spake of love,
He spake of gold, and rank, of power and place,
Of courts, where she might move,
Like Love's fair Queen, amongst a Royal race.

Her simple ear was gained,
Loud Flattery triumphed over modest Worth,
And one great heart was pained
To know that Perfidy still walked the Earth.

But 't is the Poet's doom,
To nurse, unknowingly, some ripening pain,
And as he paced his room,
Lonely as Tycho on its herbless plain,

He did not curse the hand
That plucked the lily from his mountain crags,
Cursed not the human brand
Flung loose to scourge him like Pandora's Plagues.

But in his mind still burned
The embers of his love's funereal pyre;
The lesson he had learned,
Bequeathed he to the world in words of fire:

"Well I knew a stately Maiden, flushed with Health's divinest glow,
With a hand as warm as sunlight, and a heart as cold as snow.

"Many a softly-moulded accent floated from her perfect mouth,
Syllabl'ing words as mellow as the fruitage of the South.

"Words that made my heart awaken, and my pulsing spirit bound,
Every stricken chord of Feeling trembling with melodious sound.

"Oriental odors floated in her warm Sabean breath,
And I knew not they were filtered through an atmosphere of Death.

"Sweetly did my dreams deceive me, like the babe's upon the sea,
When the noble ship's endangered with a typhoon on the lee.

"And a glorious Hope reigned proudly, like a giant, in my heart,
Falsely swearing by the Future, Love and he should never part.

"Oh! with what a saintly glory the strong eye of manhood beams,
When the youthful soul is flooded with the languor of its dreams.

"How the world becomes Ideal, Nature's beauties all laid bare,
And a harmonizing fragrance fills the universal air.

"Morning wears a tenfold beauty, evening comes serenely down,
And at night each star is praying for the sin-endangered town.

"In the midnight, when the moonbeams warm the bosom of the earth,
How divine the swift emotions springing into Godlike birth.

"Every drop of dew that trembles, glistening, on the pleaséd sight,
Has an eye of sparkling beauty, looking upward through the night.

"Every zephyr, like a spirit, breathes a more delicious balm,
Every gust of wind that passes sings its animated psalm.

"To each memory-haunted nook a more exalted beauty clings,
And the summer flies make music with the motions of their wings.

"The anthem of the thunder falls in organ peals upon the brain,
And the passionate clouds smile lightnings through the weepings of the rain.

"To the perfect sense there seems a fuller rolling of the floods,
A more dulcet tone is whispering in the bursting of the buds.

"A more silvery cadence ringeth in the laughter of the rills,
A warmer purple blendeth with the vapours on the hills.

"Angels stepping down from heaven fill the chambers of the mind,
Chanting there their hymns of triumph, waking love for all mankind.

"Every tree, and bud, and flower, has a hue it never wore,
When the soul was love-deserted, in the callous days of yore.

"Birds are warbling from the thickets orisons of wondrous note,
And the wooing dove pairs nestle closer in their blessed cote.

"Where was deadly hatred rankling in the sinful human breast,
Sits Forgiveness, blest and blessing, with a glory for its crest.

"Love, Lord Paramount of all, dispenses, from his thousand thrones,
Sunshine for all clouded sorrows, boundless joy for passion groans.

"Earth, and air, and sky, and ocean, every living, breathing thing,
Sits in peace beneath the shelter of Love's universal wing.

"So sat I beneath it, dreaming of a world of bliss to come,
In a universe of fancies, for my joy had struck me dumb.

"And my quiet heart had yielded every pulsing hope and beat
To that cold and stately Maiden, who had charmed me to her feet.

"Day by day my love grew stronger, and my soul, exultant, trod
Through my mind's illumined palace, with the bearing of a God.

"Every tender word she spake rode to me in a silver car,
Every look she gave at parting rounded to a perfect star.

"Could that voice be all it promised? might that firmament grow dark
Where those star-looks had been treasured?—each a covenanting ark!

"Once my heart the question whispered, lowly, for I scarce could hear,
But I hurled the slander from me, though my spirit crouched for fear.

"Was it not some jealous demon that had crept into my mind?
Dare it crush so pure a passion? or was Love, indeed, so blind?

"Blind, alas! a frantic devil in my heart did stamp and rave,
Like a sightless Cyclop groping madly round his granite cave.

"Oh! from what a height of promise did my stricken spirit fall!
Crushed, and bleeding, and despairing, covered with a raven pall.

"For my heart's pure love was wasted, and my dreams a semblance bore,
To the disappointed moonlight, that convoys each wave ashore;

"Smiling on it in its worship, with a look divinely bland,
And while dreaming on its beauty sees it melt into the sand.

"Love and Hope went forth together from the Eden of my Heart,
At the gate they lingered, weeping, all unwilling to depart.

"But I drove them forth in sorrow, on their broken faith to brood,
And I made my home with nature, for a time in solitude.

"I had sought the love of Woman, that pure joy that heaven distils,
Better searched for Truth and found it, in the centenarian hills.

"Better rent the solid granite for a heart of flesh and blood,
Looked for passion in the iceberg's pulseless and congealéd flood:

"Better these than hoped for love within that faithless maiden's breast—
'Twas like driving out an Angel when my heart's dove left its nest.

"Every radiant winged To-morrow hidden in the distant years,
Has its poise of joy and sorrow, has its freight of hopes and fears.

"Every hour upon the dial, every sand-grain dropped by Time,
Quickens man, by useful trial, for his march to the sublime.

"Friendship's hands forever grasping, glad to meet and grieved to part;
Love, accursed, or blessed, clasping Woe or Gladness to its heart:

"Friendship hath a Jura-presence, thronéd like an Alp on high,
Love hath a diviner essence, for, like Truth, it cannot die!

"Thrice since then the Spring has parted from the Winter's cold embrace.
Thrice the birds in songs were thankful for the light of nature's face.

"Thrice the Summer flowers have blossomed on the summits of the hills,
Thrice the vales have leaped for gladness to the piping of the rills.

"Thrice the red-browed, sheavéd Autumn has lain down its golden store,
Like a blessed crop of bounty, on the thankful farmer's floor.

"And the passing of the seasons, with their yearly tide of wealth,
Braced my mind and flushed my features with a treble glow of health.

"Here among these hills eternal, Love and Hope have
both returned,
Higher aims and wider feelings than of yore my bosom
burned,

"Ever up my soul are rolling, with a hot Etnæan glow.
As the Eagle from his eyrie views the wide champaign
below,

"So from this, my lofty station, 'mongst the mountains
of my youth,
I look round and study Nature, God, and Man, and
endless Truth."

Blest is the heart whose love
Is fed from the deep fountains of the soul!
It never can grow old—above
The highest heaven it wins its final goal.

His mind grew royally,
His visions all were dowered with large hopes;
Like to some fruitful tree,
His thoughts came crowned all regally; as opes

The amber gates of Morn,
When through them pours from young Day's
ardent soul,
The Light of Love, sun-born:
So loomed his thoughts toward Fame's far-distant
goal.

His heart was purified
By suffering, but desolate as the moon,
That wanders far and wide,
By myriads of stars attended, yet alone.

Some day the tongue of Fame
May bring the old world down upon its knees
At mention of his name,
And he, be one of earth's divinities,

With wise men at his feet
Sitting, and worshipping his wondrous speech!—
Oh! human Love! replete
With Suffering and Truth, what heights through thee we reach!

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

Oh! for the faintest glimmering of hope,
To gild the pinions of Uncertainty
Wherewith I mount to heaven's topmost cope,
To learn th' Eternal Will regarding thee!
No light! no light! a double darkness dread
Englooms my spiritual sense, as when
The midnight wraps her mantle o'er her head,
Shrouding her glories from the gaze of men.
Faith meets me midway up the starry slope,
And lo! the intense Darkness disappears,
And Charity comes smiling down the spheres
On whitest wing to meet us; and my ears
Drink in the heavenly words: "Give Reason scope,
Upheld by Faith, behold! how vast the Hope!"

RIDEAU LAKE.

A warm light permeates the sky,
A silvery mist is lingering nigh,
And floating up the trees near by.

A slumberous silence fills the air,
Silence upon the Lake, and where
The pines drop pearls from out their hair.

The birdlings have no voice to sing,
There's not a bird upon the wing,
Nature, herself, is slumbering.

Morning half opes her drowsy lid,
Her blue eyes 'neath the lashes hid
The Dawn's first kiss have gently chid.

And, Goddess-like, her couch she leaves,
Her golden hair about her weaves—
A Ruth among her autumn sheaves!

Up glides she through the welcoming skies,
A heaven of beauty in her eyes;
Gladness like light before her flies,

Cleaving the Twilight with a smile.
Fast speeds she many a golden mile,
Flinging around each purple isle

Of floating cloud a zone of light,
That widens in swift circles bright,
As the moon silvers o'er the night.

Until in the far-distant heaven
Her milk-white steeds are swiftly driven,
And darkness everywhere is riven

By the white-bosomed Maid of Day.
Morn puts aside her locks of gray,
On every hand the woods are gay.

Up leaps the sun's broad chest of fire,
Up swell the bird hymns—higher—higher,
Phœbus has loosed his forest choir.

A massive mirror seems the Lake,
A mirror that no force could break,
But which the tricksy zephyrs shake.

Shy teal of a quadruple hue,
The golden, green, the gray and blue,
Rise like bright fancies on the view.

The trees are green on either side,
Whole forests standing in their pride,
Steeping their shadows in the tide.

Islets are floating here and there,
Dreamy and languid, passing fair,
Tinted and limned with Artist-care.

Reposing like the Thoughts that lie
Within the meditative eye
Of youth—bright thoughts that never die.

Narcissus-like they stand, and seem
To watch their features in the stream,
Half indistinct, as in a dream.

Like forms Ideal, lo! they stand,
Huge mounds of airy-seeming land,
Fashioned by the Great Artist-hand.

Smiling, like children fresh from sleep
Bathing their soft limbs in the deep,
As from their early couch they leap.

Young, stately cedars, breathing love,
Pines, pointing to the far-above,
Flowers at their feet white as the dove.

Rocks, red-flushed in the ruddy morn—
Young Athlétes, browed with manly scorn,
White birches from their bosoms born.

O'er all, the broad Sun looking down,
O'er all the truant winds have blown,
The wavelets kiss the granite stone.

Visions of Beauty! Isles of light!
Your sunny verdure glads the sight,
Each living fir-tree seems a sprite.

The leaves like woodland pulses shake,
The plover whistles in the brake,
Wide Day sits crowned on Rideau Lake.

AURELIA.

Beautiful, and spirit-like,
She stands before me now,
An infantine intelligence,
With sweetness on her brow.
Her bright-blue eyes Elysian
Sparkle with some gentle vision
Of earliest human sinlessness,
Such as spirit forms might press,
With a soft and sweet caress,
To their souls of light and love,
In the heaven of heavens above.
Now these flashing orbs are swimming
In a calmy sea of Thought,
With a mystic glory fraught,
Silently but sweetly hymning
Many an anthem mild and holy,
Many a song, divine and lowly—
Hymns and anthems deeply teaching
How immortal is the soul;
Thoughts, that are intently preaching
Truths, as vast as those that roll
Ceaselessly from pole to pole,
On the meteoric pinions
That spread light through night's dominions.

Here and there golden ringlets shadow
Her fair brow with witching grace,

Like the sunlight on the meadow
  Beautifying nature's face,
When the fleecy clouds are sporting
  With the sunbeams as they fall,
Now athwart, now downward glancing,
  'Mongst the rich grain, ripe and tall.
I love the silken ringlets
  That kiss her snowy neck,
Like sun-flecks on a lily's leaf,
  A moral in each speck!
And her teeth of milky whiteness
  Peeping out between her lips,
Where they lie in playful ambush,
  Ever ready to reveal
Their intense and pearly brightness,
  Which the budding lips conceal,
  Lest their beauty should eclipse
The dimples on her cheeks that linger,
Pressed by nature's rosy finger.

Say not that the Fairy race
  Has disappeared from earth;
Many a truly Fairy face
  Gladdens the domestic hearth.—
Household Fairies, gentle creatures,
Fairies both in mind and features:
Good and lovely Fairies they,
Leading us from day to day
Along earth's dazzling milky way—

The blushing, rose-strew'n path of Love,
Which Fairies are forever treading,
Step by step our fancies leading
To the milky way above:
Up and on above the stars—
Charming Venus—stately Mars,
To the realms that stretch eternal,
To the Throne of the Supernal!

Such a Fairy is Amelia,
Such the gifted, fair Aurelia,
Fair and intellectual
As one on whom is set the seal
Of the Power Omnipotent,
On some useful mission sent:
Such is Libby, in whose eye
Dwells the spirit of Ideality,
Sitting lost in deepest thought,
As if her young mind had caught
The spirit of a Guardian-angel
Claiming her for an Evangel,
Passing her pearly fingers fair
Through each tress of golden hair:
Such is Hetty, midnight-eyed,
Nestling closely to my side,
Knowing that my heart must bless her,
Smiling if I once caress her;
Gazing on my studious face,
As I mark each separate grace,
From the boy-curls on her head,

To her lips, and all they said,
Every word an angel-lyric
Falling on my ears empiric:
  Such the pleasing, fond Louisa,
With her God-like memory,
And her gentle words and ways,
And her voice attuned to praise,
Setting the pulses of the heart
Throbbing, like a star at eve,
As its silver glances cleave
The dreamy quiet of the air;
And her soft cheeks' health tinge fair:
  Such the thoughtful Annie, too,
With her laughing eye of blue,
Dimpled cheek of healthy hue,
And her forehead, sculptor-like,
An eternal Truth, deep-set,
On a Thought-browed statuette,
Which its lips will never speak:
  Such is darling Caroline.
Through whose cheeks life's richest wine
Spreads like sunset's rosy glow
O'er some Alpine brow of snow;
One than whom no fairer—purer,
  Ever had a mortal birth,
Whose death would enrich heaven,
  And beggar earth:

These among the household train,
  Neriads from the deeps of love,

Guests from starry realms above,
Are so many Fairies sent,
Filled with love, and innocent,
Down to earth, to bless and gladden
Homes that sin and strife would sadden
With a more than earthly pain.

Fair Aurelia! bright Aurelia!
Favorite of the sunny brow,
An infantine Intelligence,
A child of light, art thou.
A spirit of the ærial Morn,
Or of Evening, bland with glory,
Like some Fairy Queen of story,
For whom Nature's hand had shorn
The bright locks from the glowing sun,
And stol'n the softness of the moon,
As their skyward course they run
At dewy midnight and at golden noon,
Giving to each an extra grace
For thy tresses and thy face.
Ha! a tear-drop in thine eye!
Like a star upon the sky,
Like a clear stalactité
Pendent o'er a summer sea,
Like a trembling dew-drop set
In an opening violet!
Not the Naiads of the Rivers,
Not the Fairies of the Hills,

Not the Nymph, whose sharp glance quivers
From the leaflets and the rills,
Where the golden-manéd Rhine
Winds along its length supine,
Have a livelier glance than thine.
Come, then, to my heart's embrace,
Infant of the smiling face,
Come, with thy accents soft and winning,
That keep the human mind from sinning,
Give me back the love you stole,
And let me clasp thee to my soul!

SONNET.

Oh! let me gaze upon thy lustrous eyes,
As on the arbiters of my soul's destiny.
My Reason sways—without thee all is dark;
And my poor mind, like to a periled bark,
Looks toward thee as the mariner to the skies;
And looking on those orbs of light, I see
Two guiding stars that draw my soul to thee.
Save my endangered hopes—my shipwrecked fears,
As on the boundless ocean of suspense
They toss and tremble upon Danger's brink,
Above a gulf in which I seem to sink,
No arm outstretched to bear my spirit thence.
'T is the remembrance of thine eyes that cheers
My drooping spirit through the tedious years.

EVENING SCENE,

FROM THE BANKS OF THE DETROIT RIVER.

I stood upon a bank that faced the West,
  Beyond me lay Lake Erie, softly calm,
Calm as the thoughts that soothe the dying breast,
  As the Soul passes to the great I AM.

One solitary bird melodiously
  Trilled its sweet vesper from a grove of elm,
One solitary sail upon the sea
  Rested, unmindful of its potent helm.

There lay the Island with its sanded shore
  The snow-white Lighthouse, like an Angel-friend
Dressed in his fairest robes, and evermore
  Guiding the mariner to some promised end.

And down behind the forest trees, the sun,
  Arrayed in burning splendors, slowly rolled,
Like to some sacrificial urn, o'errun
  With flaming hues of crimson, blue and gold.

And round about him, fold on fold, the clouds,
  Steeped in some rainbow essence, lightly fell,
Draped in the living glory that enshrouds
  His nightly entrance to his ocean shell.

The woods were flashing back his gorgeous light,
  The waters glowed beneath the varied green,

Ev'n to the softened shadows, all was bright,
Heaven's smile was blending with the view terrene.

The lofty woods, in summer sheen arrayed,
The trembling poplar with its silver leaf,
The stately walnut rising o'er the glade,
The willow bending with its load of grief:

The graceful elm, the energetic oak,
The red-leaved maple, and the slender pine,
The grove of firs, half hidden by the smoke
From the white cottage clothed with jessamine:

The thirsty cattle drinking from the spring,
Or standing mid-deep in the sunny stream,
The stream itself, like Joy, meandering,—
A silver shaft shot down a golden beam:

The ruddy orchard with its tempting fruit,
The juicy apple, and the mellow pear,
The downy peach, and near the garden, mute
With eager visions of a fruitful share,

Lolled the young urchin on his bed of grass,
Thinking of Autumn, with her red-ripe store—
So Boyhood smiles to mark the seasons pass,
And Manhood sighs that they return no more:

On these the parting Day poured down a flood
Of radiant, unimaginable light,
Like as in some celestial spirit-dream
A thousand rainbows melt upon the sight,

Setting the calm horizon all ablaze
With splendors stolen from the crypts of heaven,
Dissolving with their magic heat the maze
Of clouds that nestle to the breast of even.

The Fisher ceased his song, hung on his oars,
Pausing to look, a pulse in every breath,
And, in imagination, saw the shores
Elysian rising o'er the realms of Death.

And as he dreamed, the sunlight passed away,
The stream gave back no deep cerulean hue,
Eve's purple finger closed the lips of Day,
And a dim glory clothed the upper blue.

And down on tip-toe came the gradual Night,
A gentle Twilight first, with silver wings,
And still from out the darkening infinite
Came shadowy forms, like deep imaginings.

There was no light in all the brooding air,
There was no darkness yet to blind the eyes,
But through the space interminable, there
Nature and Silence passed in solemn guise.

GENTLE MARY ANN.

The artless and the beautiful,
The fairest of the fair,
Around her shoulders clustering
Her sunny, light-brown hair,
Her meek blue eye intelligent,
God's wondrous works would scan,
And a smile would animate the face
Of our Gentle Mary Ann.

The parted lip, betokening
The peaceful soul within,
That soul as yet unsullied,
Unendangered by a sin;
The brow where earnest thoughtfulness
Some goodly work would plan,
Combined to make us idolize
Our Gentle Mary Ann.

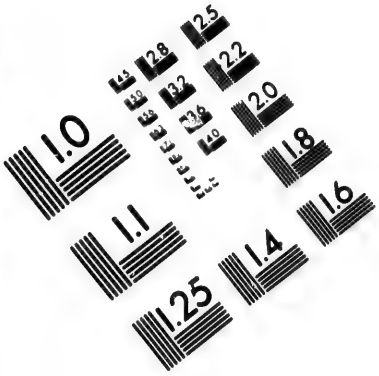
And thus for sixteen summers
She grew upon our sight,
A patient girl of tenderness,
A sinless child of light;
As free from worldly wilfulness
As when her life began,
Was this, our lovely charge from heaven,
Our Gentle Mary Ann.

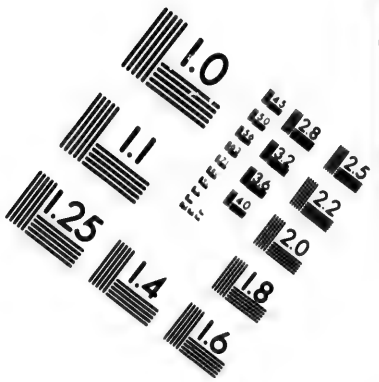
The angels from their starry homes,
Looked on her smiling face,

And beckoned our darling child
Unto their resting-place;
When, lo! from out the graceful throng
An infant cherub ran,
And nestled in the guileless breast
Of our Gentle Mary Ann.

"Sister," she said, "we wait for thee,
Yon angel host and
To bear thee in thy innocence
To our dwelling in the sky."
The heavens, slowly opening,
A psalm of love began,
And the cherub, pointing upwards,
Said, "come, Gentle Mary Ann."

Calmly she faded from our sight,
In that infant soul's embrace,
And we watched her passing upwards
With a smile upon her face,—
Passing upward towards heaven,
Upward to the Son of Man,
In whose bosom rests the spirit
Of our Gentle Mary Ann.





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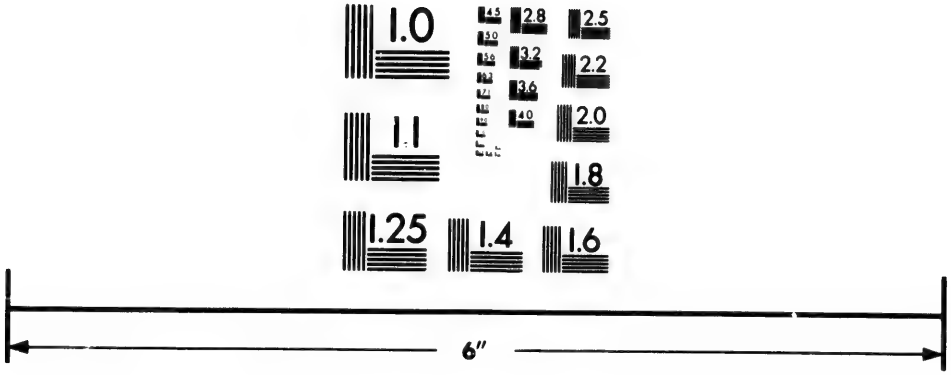

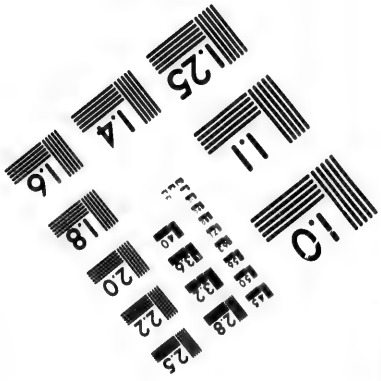

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DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Old Year! Old Year! my pulsing heart
Is struggling like a wretch in chains,
I would fly with thee o'er the plains,
Old Year.—Old Year, we must not part.
Cold blows the night wind on the wold,
The starbeams, too, are falsely cold,
The pale moon's boasted love is sold—
Old Year, why hast thou grown so old!

Thou broughtest joy, thou broughtest woe,
And there are hopes alive and dead,
Thou broughtest faults of heart and head,
And yearnings purer than the snow.
The plains are wide where thou would'st lead
Me, barren as a lying creed,
I cannot go, my heart would bleed—
Old Year, why is thy fate decreed!

Thou hast struck down the bosom friend,
That would have soothed our after years,
And thou hast brought both smiles and tears,
And woes and blessings without end.
Down come the snows, the night winds play,
Like elves, through all thy locks of gray,
Midnight is prone to bar thy way—
Old Year, thou must not leave to-day!

Oh! motley life! Oh! checkered scene!
A riddle-world of dreams and doubts,

We dare not trust our latest thoughts,
We nothing know but what has been!
Moaneth the skies, like stricken souls,
My practiced sense can hear the ghouls,
Of centuries rushing from the poles—
Old Year, what mean these spectral shoals!

And knowing nothing, we would cling
Like beggars to thy garment's hem,
Loose leaves upon a withered stem,
We fear what the next breath may bring.
Old Year, thou'rt passing from my side,
There is a bark upon the tide
O'er which thy ghost prepar'st to ride—
Old Year, put on thy ancient pride!

Oh! cold and heartless is the wind,
And colder are the heartless stars,
White Death within their icy cars,
And Darkness clambering up behind.
The cold moon smiles more coldly still,
Colder each frozen mount and hill,
Bleak rolls the storm, the snow flakes chill—
Old Year, why standest thou so still?

Why tremblest thou? Is Death so nigh?
Where are the souls which thou hast made
So happy? Are there none to aid?
Is there no help in all the sky!
Gather thy garments close, Old Year,
There is an end to all thy cheer,

A deep voice calls—dost thou not hear?
Farewell! for we must part, Old Year!

Gather thy robes about thy limbs,
Remember thy ancestral fame,
Pass bravely on to whence you came,
While shouts the storm its passion-hymns.
So! thou hast vanished like a King,
Thou hast found Death a living thing,
To which brave souls most bravely cling—
See! where he sits—a Spirit-King.

DESPONDENCY.

There is a sadness o'er my spirit stealing,
A flash of fire up-darting to my brain,
Sowing the seeds—and still the seeds concealing—
That are to ripen into future pain.
I feel the germs of madness in me springing,
Slowly, and certain, as the serpent's bound,
And my poor hopes, like dying tendrils clinging
To the green oak, tend surely to the ground;
And Reason's grasp grows feebler day by day,
As the slow poison up my nerves is creeping,
Ever and anon through my crushed heart leaping,
Like a swift panther darting on its prey;
And the bright taper Hope once fed within,
Hath waned and perished in the rueful din.

THE VOICE OF GOD.

When o'er the cloud-veiled face of heaven
The far-resounding thunders roll,
When the impending cloud is riven,
And the lightning leaps from its fiery goal,
The strong earth totters, and the mountains nod,
And nature trembles at the Voice of God.

That Voice at whose command
Chaos recoiled; and Night, that long had kept
Her gloomy wings outspread, arose and crept—
Like to a guilty thing—into the deep;
That caused the earth to leap
From its firm anchorage, where it lay
In hidden embryo—a confuséd heap—
And fashioned it with an invisible hand
Into a lovely world; that called the Day,
To banish thence the blackest shades of Night,
And flood the world with heaven-borrowed light;
That Voice which, from the top of Sinai,
In thunder spake the sacred law divine;
At whose presence the mount—the sky—
Glowed bright, illumined by the lightning's fire,
Almighty Love revealed—Almighty Ire!

The birds that wing their flight
Through the blue skies, or in the sacred groves
Assemble, to rehearse their songs of love,
Or chirp their mellow notes with sweet delight;

They sing His praise,—
And as their thrilling lays
Float through the summer skies,
Attending spirits bear the strains to heaven.
What songs more worthy to be sung above
Than those which God hath given
To the blythe choristers! 'Tis but the Voice
Of God that breathes in theirs;
And their sweet minstrelsies are but the prayers,
The orisons, of sinless breasts, that rise
In music-whispers from the stately trees,
Like worship-incense borne upon the morning breeze.

Look forth into the Night!
Then, most, His Voice in regal silence speaks
To the observant man.
The wondrous heavens scan—
The infinitude of worlds that gleam
Like God-Thoughts flung athwart the gloom, and beam
Effulgent glory on the slumberous earth.
Is there a wish within thy soul that seeks
To know whence they derived their mystic birth?
From what vast source divine,
Like jewels from the mine,
They sprang, ablaze with their redundant light,
While angels sped from orb to orb, and viewed
The gleaming worlds, where all was solitude;
And awed to silence, gazed with wonder on
Each blazing planet and impassioned sun;

Saw the swift meteor urge its burning car
Adown the breathless silences afar,
And watched the advent of each new-born star,
Bursting the blue enamel of the sky,
As it came clothed with splendor from on high,
Launched on its errand of infinity!
Oh! with what aching rapture throbs the sight!
What saith my questioning soul! A Voice Supreme
Strikes like swift sunlight through my ether-dream,
Whispering that these innumerous worlds of light,
Before the foot of man this earth had trod,
Were called from Chaos by the Voice of God!

But stay not here.
Hark to the psalmy voices of the winds
That sweep the pathless ocean!
Look around!—
How the waves moan above the mariner's bier!
Ere this the monsters of the deep have found
His stiffened corse; but the wild wave finds
Another, still another, victim for its rage.
There is a Voice speaks from the chainless winds,
That ceaseless warfare with the billows wage,
Making more terrible their wild commotion.
There is a voice in every wave;
Whether it swells in anger o'er the grave
Of some poor, shipwrecked mariner, or swims
In gentle ripples on the ocean's breast;
Or in deep thunder hymns
Its praise tempestuous ere it sinks to rest,

Glutted and surfeited, though not oppressed.
There is a Voice in everything;
There's not a living atom but doth sing
The praise of the Almighty, and rejoice
Beneath His Smile, or tremble at His Voice.

THE FINE OLD WOODS.

Oh! come, come away to the grave Old Woods,
Ere the skies are tinged with light,
Ere the slumbering leaves of the gloomy trees,
Have shook off the mists of Night;
Ere the birds are up,
Or the floweret's cup
Is drained of its freshening dew,
Or the bubbling rill,
Kissing the hill,
Breaks on the distant view;
Oh! such is the hour
To feel the power
Of the quiet, grave Old Woods.
Then, while sluggards dream,
Of some dismal theme,
Let us stroll,
With prayerful soul,
Through the depths of the grave Old Woods.

Oh! come, come away to the bright Old Woods,
As the sun ascends the skies,

While the birdlings sing their morning hymns,
And each leaf in the grove replies;
When the golden-zoned bee,
Flies from flower to tree,
Seeking sweets for its honied cell,
And the Voice of Praise
Sounds its varied lays,
From the depths of each quiet dell:
Oh! such is the hour
To feel the power
Of the magic, bright Old Woods!
Then, while sluggards dream,
Of some trifling theme,
Let us stroll,
With studious soul,
Through the depths of the bright Old Woods.

Oh! come, come away to the mild Old Woods,
At the Evening's stilly hour,
Ere the maiden lists for her lover's steps,
By the verge of the vine-clad bower;
When all nature feels
The change that steals
So calmly o'er hill and dale,
And the breezes range
Weirdly strange,
With a low, delicious wail:—
This, too, is the hour
To feel the power

Of the silent, mild Old Woods!
Then, while dullards dream
Of some fruitless theme,
We will stroll
With thankful soul,
Through the depths of the mild Old Woods.

Oh! come, come away to the calm Old Woods,
When the skies with stars are bright,
And the mild Moon moves in serenity,
The eye of the solemn night.
Not a sound is heard,
Save the leaflet stirred
By the zephyr that passes by,
And thought roams free
In its majesty,
And the soul seeks its kindred sky:
This, this is the hour
To test the power
Of the eloquent, calm Old Woods!
While the thoughtless dream
Of some baseless theme,
Here we can stroll,
With exalted soul,
Through the eloquent, calm Old Woods.

ELEGY,

IN MEMORY OF THE REV. ROBERT D. CARTWRIGHT.

As sinks the sun at evening in the west,
A flood of God-like glory o'er his head,
So sank that pious christian to his rest,
While unseen Watchers triumphed round his bed.

Gently as bursts the new-born moth to light,
So pass'd that dove-like spirit from its clay,
Pass'd like an infant sleeping, on that night
When his loved Master summoned it away.

And there was silence through the deep midnight,
A joyful silence 'mongst the stars, that shone
Serenely on that passing spirit's flight,
As through their myriad hosts it journeyed on.

And there was silence round the Throne of God,
Such Silence as can only be in Heaven,
When that meek, evangelic spirit, trod
The pathway closed against the unforgiven.

And Grief sat pale on many a face that day,
Both rich and poor bewailed his early death;
Those whom that earnest Pastor taught to pray
Sobbed forth their heavy loss with broken breath.

And round the city passed from tongue to tongue,
The mournful loss the people had sustained,

But on each lip, in contradiction, hung
The blessed change his deathless spirit gained.

Never again throughout St. George's aisle
Will that clear voice the Gospel thunders hurl,
Never again will he, with christian smile,
The Gospel Banner of the Cross unfurl.

Never again the dying sinner's ear
Will drink the words of promise from his lips,
That burned with earnestness to light and cheer
The soul departing from the mind's eclipse.

But in our hearts each word is treasured up,
The mild reproof, the invitation strong
To drink salvation from the proffered cup,
The soul's exultant being to prolong.

And as the germs of Hope in every heart
Pulsate and quicken with our latest breath,
So will the memory of his words impart
A blest assurance to our minds in death.

MORNING IN SUMMER.

Darkness has disappeared, and all the stars,
Save one, have ceased to twinkle in the heavens.
Like some lone sentinel, whose comrades all
Have sunk into luxurious repose,
This solitary orb remains behind
To greet the Morn, a silent, truthful witness,

Ordained by the Creator to attest
To the first dawning of another day,
Of every day throughout the lengthened year.
The silver Dawn flies up the dusky slope,
Like a white dove emerging from a cloud;
Morning imprints its first impassioned kiss
Upon the Orient's lips, her rose-hued cheeks
Blushing with love, and all her being moved
With heart-beats mighty as the throes of Jove.

With what a Queen-like dignity the Morn
Emerges, smiling, from her perfumed bath,
Like a young Goddess from a Marriage-feast,
Or Angel, pregnant with some mighty Truth,
Whose promulgation will illume the world.
How like a universal glory, crowned
With radiance from the primal fount of light,
She comes, a native, heaven-born dignity
Stamped with a hand divine upon her brow.
The lingering shades of sable-featured night,
Like phantoms startled at their parting dance,
Careering round the brightening horizon,
Slowly retire, abashed. Upward they glance,
Feebly at first, those beams of Day-drawn light,
But gathering strength from Morning's glad approach,
Like Beauty ripening in the smile of Love.

Oh! blessed Morn! sweet hour of many prayers,
Of the deep worship of a million souls!
The fair Child lisping at its mother's knee

Its infant thankfulness; the Maiden's vows
Of meek devotion to a Godly life;
Religion from the breast of Womanhood
Welling in silver accents to her lips,
Like the rich purlings of a bubbling spring;
The voice of sober Manhood, calling down
The love of heaven on a fallen world;
The rapt Enthusiast with panting heart,
And lips that move not for his solemn thoughts,
Worshipping in the temple of his love,
And stretching out his soul's arms unto God!
Oh! blessed Morn! we love thee for thy Prayers!

Behold the God-like Sun! all life and light
Awaking with him in the gorgeous East.
How victor-like his chariot mounts the skies!
How many million hearts he fills with joy.
How wakens Nature at his solemn tread.
How the groves throb with music of the birds.
How musical the pine trees on the hill.
How glad the bright-eyed flowerets of the vale.
How lightly bound the zephyrs o'er the seas,
Like Nymphs awakened by his magic glow
In their cool grottoes underneath the wave.
How like a mighty God, in whose great heart
Burns the strong incense of Eternal Love.
How like a fearless conqueror, whose steps
All nature strews with flowers, and glory gleams,
And passion hymns, and protestations deep

Of due submission to his regal will.
Oh! what a march of triumph, Sun! is thine!
How full of hidden mystery to us
Thy everlasting round of burning toil,
Thy rising and thy setting; and the light
Wherewith thou startlest the rejoicing stars!
What triumph and what passion, Sun! are thine.

Who filled the measure of thy beams, Oh! Sun?
Who took thee from the flaming womb of night,
To be a wonder to all coming time?
Who opened up the fountains of thy light?
Who fashioned thee with splendor and with strength,
And sent thee forth on thy victorious way?
What star first paled to thy superior light?
What human eye first drooped beneath thy gaze?
What human voice first broke upon thine ear?
What spot of Earth first felt thy warming rays?
Who held thee o'er the Vale of Ajalon,
And made thee crown the victor's brow with smiles?
For every beat of thy strong pulse, Oh! Sun!
A human prayer ascends from earth to God.

If through the ocean wave he rolls his disc,
The gloomy deep awakens from its dream,
Puts all its golden decorations on,
And robes itself in costliest attire;
Like an old veteran with honored scars,
Obtained in many a hard-contested fight,
Placing his golden honors on his breast,

Ere going forth with pride to meet his king.
The hardy mariner, whose home is on
The perilous wave, o'erjoyed at his return,
Reflects on those for whom his prayerful thoughts,
Rude and unshaped, were hourly offered up,
During the midnight watch, to Him who holds
The reins of every billow in His hand,
And guides the watery mountains at His will.
Or if upon the lofty promontory
Falls his resplendent lustre, the rough crags
Sparkle like coronets inlaid with gems
Of priceless value and of beauty rare.
The glowing trees their gold-green tints assume,
As from their boughs extended drops the dew
In showers refreshing on the moistened grass;
While the young peasant, by some winding path,
Follows his flocks to rich, green pasture lands
Upon the plain beneath. The sportive lambs
Frisk round the glad old ewe, delighted with
The kindly Morn that crowns their liberty,
And bids the shepherd open wide the fold,
That they may sport upon the dewy fields;
In balmy valleys; or on healthy hills,
Where the delicious breeze, in cooling draughts,
Fresh from the lake below, in silence floats
Upon the morning air, reviving all
O'er which its animating breath is borne.

The rosy peasant girl, with joyous heart,
And health's warm sunshine crimsoning her cheek,

Diligently performs her morning task,
Tending the flocks that answer to her call,
And crowd around her anxious to receive
The dainty morsel from her willing hands.
Some little yeanling nearer than the rest
Approaches, and with cunning look receives
The chosen mite, its mistress' daily gift.
The husbandman, whose sunburned countenance
Proves that his daily labor's well performed,
Repairs with manly bearing to the fields,
And enters on his task with cheerfulness.
The noble steed that drags the blessed plough,
Refreshed, and full of vigor and new life,
Shews no reluctance to begin again
The toil of yesterday; the night has eased
His stiffened joints, and given him new strength,
To aid the Farmer in his arduous work.
Thus they, like two industrious friends, pursue
Their early labor, ev'n before the sun
Has waked the purple hills. The woods long since
Have echoed back the minstrelsy of birds;
The challenge of some proud young chanticleer;
His stately rival's answer, loudly tongued;
The watchful mastiff's bark; or tremblingly
Shook from their leaves the dew, as the strong youth
Discharged his rifle at some passing deer.

Hark to the footsteps of the Iron Horse!
The valley vibrates to his sounding hoofs,

The sombre forests thunder back his tread,
And startled Echo, from the stubborn rock
And grassy hill-sides, rushes forth to greet
The mighty traveller on his early round.
Shrieks the wild whistle in yon forest glen!
Its shrill reverberations leaping through
The answering uplands, and the playful woods,
Pleased, flinging back the scream.—With sudden start,
The puzzled cattle, grazing on the slope,
Or drinking at the spring, erect their ears
In mute astonishment; and at the doors
Of the log cottages, that here and there
Indent the landscape, the coy maiden stands,
With the pleased matron and swart husbandman,
Attracted by the sound. Anon he comes,
The massive giant, his o'erheated sides
Reeking with sweat, and from his nostrils wide
His heavy breathings issuing, in a cloud
Of boiling vapor. Swiftly he glides past,
Shuffling with half-majestic carelessness,
With haughty ease, and time-defying pace,
Until his race is run. Behold him now,
Pawing the ground, impetuous in his haste
To end his swift career. The glowing sun
Glints on his polished sides, and strikes the earth,
In vain attempts to pierce his iron mail,
Or gild his solid mane. Before him flies
The haggard creature Want, and stores of Wealth
Come tackled to his heels. Through every town

And village where he speeds his noisy way,
Gladness appears; the primal wilderness
Awakes to active life; the yeomen smile;
And woodmen-heroes who have battled with
The stubborn forests cheer him on his way.
For to the toiling husbandman he brings
A mine of wealth; his path is strewn with gold;
His whole career is onward, like the march
Of a great conqueror; and by his strength
He rushes boldly through the serried ranks
Of the deep forest; ignorance disappears;
Barrenness flies, screaming, to the ridgy steep,
And Civilization triumphs in his wake.

Stand on the quiet margin of the lake,
And listen to the homely melody
Of the rough Fisherman, as he impels
His deeply-laden craft toward the shore.
Many a sleepless, toilsome night he spends,
Watching his crafty nets, or wielding well
The bearded spear, as his long-practiced eye
Sees by the flaming torch-light, far beneath
The bosom of the water his sure prey,
Which soon leaps, struggling in its agony,
Into the leaky bark. Exposed to storms,
The pestilential vapors of the night,
Dripping with spray, and bending 'neath fatigue,
The uncomplaining fisherman endures
With patience all the ills of his hard life,

Too happy if each morning's sunlight smiles
Upon his homeward way, to cheer him on
To the embrace of his expectant wife,
And the sweet kisses of his infant flock.

And now, 'tis past the meditative hour,
When first the sun above the highest hills
Uprears his crest, whence the warm golden floods
Of heavenly light their diff'rent stations take,
To spread the joyful tidings round the world.
The holy silence of the earlier morn
Is broken by the sounds of active life
That everywhere attract the attentive ear.
Morn's rosy hues, such as are seen upon
The cheek of Beauty, or the happy face
Of Childhood, dimpled with unnumbered smiles
Séraphic, now no longer please the eye,
But the broad light of Day extends o'er all,
And Morning's softest loveliness is lost,
As the day gradually travels on
To the oppressive hour of scorching Noon.

PASSWORD—"TRUTH IS MIGHTY."

Stand not on the Alps of Error,
Brother, though the tempting height
Lure thee to the grassy hill-top,
Though the view enchant the sight;

But if sorely tempted thither,
In some hour of gilded woe,
Stand, and gaze around thee, Brother,
On the Vale of Truth below.

Watch th' Enchantress from the summit,
See her wave her golden wand,
Till the far-illumined valley
Seems a heaven-enchanted land.
Mark the crowds of glowing faces,
That compose her endless train,
'Till that white-robed, shining army,
Fills the undulating plain.

Mark their gorgeous banners waving,
Listen to the peaceful hymn
Pealing from the countless millions,
Like the song of Seraphim.
Gently toward the blackened summit,
Where seductive Error stands,
March that Sin-invading army,
From the pleasant valley lands.

"Truth is Mighty!" shout the foremost,
"Truth is Mighty!" rends the plain,
Echoes through the mountain-gorges,
Vibrates over land and main.
And the hill-tops melt before them,
One by one they disappear,
As their watchword—"Truth is Mighty!"
Strikes the universal ear.

"Truth is Mighty!" and the valley
"O'er the hills is seen to rise,
Higher through the sun-lit heavens,
Till it seems to reach the skies.
"Truth is Godlike!" "Truth is Mighty!"
Now resound through all the air,
As the mountain-peaks of Error
Shrink away and disappear.

Not an arm is raised in anger,
Smiles on every face are seen,
They but breathe upon the mountain,
On its blackened sides and green:
It has vanished, like a cloudlet
Penetrated by the sun,
Vanished to the dark abysses
Of the greatest Evil One.

THE WHIRLWIND.

It comes with its swift, destructive tread,
It tosses the waves on high,
And it hurries away where the lightnings play,
Through the black and frowning sky;
And the weeping clouds are madly driven
By its violent breath, o'er the face of heaven.

It leaps through the woods in its fearless flight,
Uprooting the firm-set trees;

And it shivers the trunk of the kingly oak,
That had long defied the breeze;
Hurling down, in its furious mirth,
These tough and sturdy limbs to earth.

Away it flies, with a maniac howl,
To the mountains' dismal height,
And it lifts the rocks from their granite beds,
By the force of its giant might;
Waking the birds from their brief repose,
And spreading dismay where'er it goes!

ELIZABETH'S BIRTH.

At Elizabeth's birth Love's fair Goddess presided
O'er a quorum of dames in her high court above;
On the child's future gifts all were strangely divided,
And contentions ran high through that Chamber of Love.

"I claim her," said Beauty, "her cheeks are as roses,
Her brow as the Parian marble is fair;
And see these sweet dimples! in each one reposes
A sting for intrusion, a balm for despair."

"She is mine! she is mine!" said the Goddess of Pleasure,
"What heart-thrilling looks are concealed in her eyes!
She shall revel in joys and delights without measure,
Such as seldom are felt in our own sunny skies."

The Goddess of Mirth, her gay voice loudly ringing
Through the golden-roofed arches of that solemn court,
Laid claim to the sleeper, now laughing, now singing,
Uniting with Pleasure to furnish her sport.

Like the first purple flush of the warm light of Morning,
That tinges the east with its mellowy hue,
The Goddess of Smiles, that rich chamber adorning,
In ravishing sweetness arose on the view.

And pointing with joy to the innocent sleeper,
Her eyes filled with radiance, her looks all divine,
Said, in musical accents, "She's mine! I will keep her
'Neath my sheltering wing—She is mine! she is mine!"

As Venus, her wand in the air gently waving,
Approvingly tendered the gift to the child,
A shower of sunlight came down, gently laving
The innocent's face, and Elizabeth smiled.

The Angel of Goodness her watch had been keeping,
Unperceived by the lovely disputants till now,
And softly approaching the infant while sleeping,
Gently placed her fair seal on the slumberer's brow.

But Cupid, who'd witnessed the scene from his bower,
Now tendered his claim, with so artful a grace,
That his mother, embracing him, gave him the power
To mix Love with the Smiles on Elizabeth's face.

HENRY'S GRAVE.

Standing beside the consecrated mound,
That marked the narrow grave wherein he lay,
I thought upon the Trumpet's welcome sound,
That would arouse him in the latter day.

I thought of the young spirit, that had fled
Beyond the keenest search of human eye—
Beyond the limits of a world of dread—
Beyond the reach of man's philosophy.

And as I strove to lift the distant veil—
To track the spirit in its upward flight—
My mind was awed—my vision seemed to fail,
And all became confused as blackest night!

I was an atom of mere mortal mould,
Too weak to pierce the depths that soul had trod;
Backward to earth my wandering senses rolled,
And my eye rested on the crumbling sod—

Part of myself—poor perishable clay!
The child whose corse beneath my feet did lie,
Was, like myself, but mortal, yesterday,
And now, a dweller with the blest on high!

Oh! Mystery of Mysteries! Oh, Death!
I sit and muse in deep solemnity,
And wonder how the dust that perisheth
Must pass to life eternal but through thee!

SNOW DROPS.

Gently fall the snow flakes
From the clouds above,
Noiselessly and joyously
As the breath of love,
Noiseless in their gaiety,
Gentle in their mirth,
As they spread their robes of purity
Softly o'er the earth.

Beauteous types of Innocence!
Delicately fair
As the thoughts of Angels
Hov'ring in the air:
Not less pure and innocent
Is each little dove,—
Each joyous, sparkling snow-drop
In the cot of Love.

Yes, prattling little Children!
Germs of Love are ye,
Spotless as the snow-drops,
Hearts as pure and free,
Oh! guard them in their innocence,
Ye to whom are given
These fairy human snow-drops,
Gifts from Love's own Heaven.

PRETTY FACES.

I could gaze on pretty faces,
  Mark their sweetness all day long;
Though they vied not with the Graces,
  They should mingle with my song.
  Where the lips are slightly pouting,
    Where the full, dark eye, is bright—
  Bright and soft as morn and even—
    Bright and dark as noon and night:
  Pretty faces! pretty faces
    Having such delights as these,
  Though they be not perfect Graces,
    Often conquer, often please.

I have gazed on pretty faces,
  Marked their sweetness by the hour,
Searching out the hidden traces
  Of their deep, mysterious power.
  Where the brow is that of Woman,
    Whereon Thought is throned serene,
  Where the eyes deep truths are speaking,
    And the lips in smiles are seen:
  Pretty faces! pretty faces
    Having such fair gifts as these,
  Though they be not perfect Graces
    Always conquer, always please.

BEYOND THE GRAVE.

Shall we not meet in heaven, love,
And know each other there?
Endearing thought! joy cheaply bought!
Why should we then despair?
Why grieve to bid farewell to those
Whom Death removes away!
When we shall meet in brighter worlds,
Where love has no decay.

But shall we know each other there,
In that elysian clime?
Consoling thought—to live—to love—
Through never-ending time!
Hope points to such a God-like gift,
Within the All-wise decree;
Then let me break my earthly bonds,
And fly, my love, to thee.

CANADIAN SLEIGH SONG.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
Merrily, merrily, O,
Chime the tuneful sleigh bells,
Singing to the snow;
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
Merrily, merrily, O,
Laughs the dimpled Maiden,
Chatting to her beau.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
Merrily, merrily, O,
What is glorious Winter
Without frost and snow?
Time may cast a shadow
O'er us as we go,
But let us, like the sleigh bells,
Sing, Merrily, Merrily, O.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
Merrily, Merrily, O,
Life is but a sleigh-drive
Through the frost and snow;
Ever are we learning
This one truth as we go:
All sadness without sunlight
Is like Winter without snow.

PITY'S TEAR DROP.

As Pity looked down from on high,
So smilingly, sweetly, and meek,
A tear-drop that stood in her eye
Fell on a Drunkard's cheek.

Astonished, he looked above,
Not a star overhead could he see;
He said: "'T is a tear-drop of love
Shed by Ella for me."

For he thought of the wife of his youth,
Of the heart he had broken when won;
And that tear-drop conveyed a reproof
For the spirit his crimes had undone.

His feelings were seared by the thought,
Heaven's sunlight had entered his soul,
One of Pity's bright tear-drops had wrought
A deep-seated hate of the bowl.

Oh! deal not unjustly severe
With the Drunkard you meet in your path,
For Pity does more by a Tear,
Than the strong can accomplish in wrath.

ANNIE BY MY SIDE A SITTING.

Annie by my side a sitting,
Looks intently on my face,
Does she watch the shadows flitting
From their secret lurking place?
Where they hide and sit apart
In the dim depths of my heart,
Where Hope's sunlight never cometh,
Where Love's red Rose never bloometh!

Does she deem me cold—unfeeling—
That I never press her cheek?
From my dull self never stealing
For a moment, week by week!

Is it wonder? Is it love?
Would she bring me back the dove
That my soul so humbly cherished?—
Had it staid, it must have perished!

Little knows she the devotion
Of my heart of hearts is hers,
Purest is the calmy ocean,
Truth has silent worshippers!
Annie sitting by my side,
Knows not all the love I hide,
Though my fond looks never sun her,
Though I seldom smile upon her.

Her blue eyes are vaguely searching
For a glance of Love's return,
But my thoughts are closely perching
On my dead love's funeral urn.
And I read her patient look,
As a scholar reads a book,
Gleaning pearls from all its pages,
Thought-pearls from the brains of sages.

Annie by my side a sitting,
Gazing mildly on my face,
Cannot see the shadows flitting
From their secret lurking-place,
Where they dimly sit apart
In the cloud-folds of my heart,
Weeping over hopes once cherished,
Moaning for the dove that perished.

THE NAME OF MARY.

Of all the names that ever pass'd
  The lips of woman, child, or fairy,
The gentlest, and most sweetly chaste,
  Is that of MARY.

Yet not too gentle to be loved
  By men whose nerves were nerves of iron;
How deeply—tenderly—it moved
  The haughty Byron!

Tom Moore, Corypheus of Song!
  In verse and love no mean empiric,
How gracefully it floats along!
  His beauteous lyric!

Great Burns, the Ploughman-Bard, whose muse
  Was swayed by a more rustic fancy,
Unlike your parlor-bards, could choose
  The homelier Nancy.

But in his most inspired hour,
  Passing the beauties of the dairy,
He struck that note of solemn power
  To her—his Mary!

MARY! sweet name with virtue clothed,
  By dreamy-minded dilettanti,
A sound that might have charmed and soothed
  The gloomy Dante.

Or held in its divine control,
Bringing it healing balm when weary,
The wild, impassioned Poet-soul
Of Alfieri.

'T is true we read of, and despise
The sighing of a certain varlet,
Werther, who sorrowed for the eyes
Of queenly Charlotte:

We hear, too, of the Trojan brawl
That the majestic Paris fell in
With Greece, and famed Achilles, all
For faithless Helen:

We read, with virtuous amaze,
Of good Queen Bess and Leicester, or a
Petrarch inditing Canzonas
To nun-like Laura:

And every day or two, we find
How foplings drain the poisoned chalice—
Fools! perilling their grain of mind
For Grace or Alice!

We know that there are names that please
The varied tastes of man and woman—
Ruth, Annie, Nora, are of these,
All fair and common:

Most welcome, though, to English ears,
Fit for throned Queen or graceful Fairy,

Is that sweet household word that bears
The sound of—MARY!

It mingles with our childhood's games,
It chastens either birth or bridal;
Mary!—to me the very name 's
A perfect Idyl.

THE KNEELING HEART.

When Evening folds her wings of light,
And bathes her rosy cheeks in dew,
And one pale star proclaims the night,
From its exalted throne of blue:
My soul! how eager hast thou leaped,
Cribbed and imprisoned as thou art,
To be of these a shining part,
In their ethereal essence steeped!
And on this altar, on this heart of clay,
Hast offered sacrifice, and bore away
An incense sweet of Prayer above that starry ray.

When Night flings wide her ebon gates,
And Darkness, like a flood, pours in,
Shewing the star-born choir that waits
Its psalm seraphic to begin:
How hast thou caught their burning words,
That never fall on worlding ears,
Hast filched the hymning of the spheres,

As it was swept from nature's chords;
Hast known and felt that every ray of light
Brings to our ears a portion of that bright
And star-lipped anthem that pervades the solemn night.

When o'er the everlasting hills
The golden Morning soars sublime,
And Day's triumphant Pæan fills
The heavens, as in that primal time
When first the birds rehearsed their songs
In groves by Angels' visits blest:
Worshipping Soul! some heavenly guest
To thy diviner moods belongs!
In the old Forest, with the whispering trees,
Morn, Eve and Night, thou learnest melodies,
Extracts sweet music from the warbling breeze,
Thou hast my heart forever on its bended knees!

AUTUMN.

Oh! the bright days of Autumn? how they sink
Like dreams of beauty fanned by heaven's airs,
Deep, deep into the mind. There is a soft
And holy feeling floating through the skies,
The breathings of an Angel-troupe that comes
With noiseless footsteps and on wings of love,
To fill the soul with joy. The bay is calm,
And mellowed with the sunbeams of the morn:
God smiling on the mirror of the skies,

Where the light clouds, the stars, and the mad moon
Gaze at their own strange beauty, and the sun
Flings down his amorous breathings, passionate
As a wild lover with a great fond soul,
Drinking his mistress' smiles 'neath distant skies,
While she, at home, sits thinking of his love—
Absent, but ever present. Here an isle,
With one tall tree to sentinel the place,
Floats languidly upon the sleeping wave,
Tinting the water with innumerous hues,
Each little fretful wave kissing its feet,
And toying with the shrubs that drop their leaves
Like playthings on its pearly lips. The marsh,
Like to an indolent sluggard, has lain down
Beneath its faded covering, to dream
Of a long rest: its putrid breath no more
Poisons the air with a malarian stench,
Inducing fevers that burn up the frame,
As the hot summer burns the parchéd leaf—
The purifying air of Autumn has passed o'er
The feverish waste, and given it new health,
E'en in its swift decay; as the free'd soul
Ascends to heaven when the body dies.
The stately bulrush rears its dark brown head
Above the sedgy waste; the water-hen,
Surrounded by her noisy brood, doles forth
Her inharmonious notes; the piping snipe,
The golden plover, and the slender crane,
With here and there a pair of watchful teal,

Seek nourishment from the decaying sedge;
As the rank soil the putrid mass receives
That gives a quickened impulse to its veins.

The wind blows fresh upon the distant lake,
But here the breezes whisper; through the air
Ambrosial mists are breathed. Nature's great heart
Beats feebly in her old maternal breast,
And balmy sighs, and moanings, keen but weak,
Are heard far-wandering through the aged woods.
Sadly she grieves for the departed flowers;
Sadly she sings the requiem of the leaves,
As they come fluttering down, like withered hopes
Leaving poor shipwrecked youth all cold and bare,
Exposed to the sharp breath of a hard world,
Shuddering, and sick at heart. The red, round sun,
Shorn of his flaming locks, stands in the east,
Like a proud steed divested of its strength,
Stands like a king who has put off his crown,
And lain aside the duties of the state
For a brief season; and the passing clouds
Sport with his rubicund face, and fling a veil
Of melancholy beauty o'er his brow.
Yon group of trees upon the faded bank,
Spreading their broad deep shadows on the wave,
Gaze in the water at their roots, and watch
The gradual fading of their summer-green,
As Autumn, the rich fancy dyer, comes,
Puts on his motley, Joseph-coat of leaves,

And steeps them all in hues of gold and brown,
And glowing scarlet, yellow, green, and dun—
Bright favorite of the undulating shore.
The village church peers o'er the grove of pines
And stunted hickory, on the barren hill;
In the stripped orchard the old Homestead stands,
Above the hazy bank, like a white tent
Seen through the picturesque openings of the trees,
And in the garden a serene old man,
With silvered locks, but mind yet unimpaired,
Strolls to inhale the renovating air,
That gives a healthy vigor to the morn.
A rural cottage in the distance shrinks,
Like a coy blossom, nursed among the grass,
Blushing and trembling at the intrusive steps
Of the young zephyrs; and two golden fields
Slope to the limestone shore, denuded of
Their wavy tresses, by the reapers shorn.—
The pines are green as in their summer days,
Although the oaks are yellow in the vale—
Their strength avails not, Autumn strips them bare.
As a nation strips a Ruler of his badge,
Which he has worn with honor, to make way
For others who are covetous of place;
But the green pine lives on the highest hills,
And wears a youthful freshness all the year,
As the pure soul whose thoughts are ever green
Lives nearest God. Go, man! into the woods,
And watch the multitudinous mass of leaves

Passing from life to death. These are the fruits
That nature gathers for her sustenance,
As they fall ripe and mellow at her feet,
Fit to be garnered in. Behold them sink
Resistless to the ground, and as thy foot
Crushes their withered stems, think of their fall
As emblematic of thy Autumn days,
And of succeeding years, when other feet
Will tread as recklessly upon thy grave,
As thine upon the melancholy leaves.

REMEMBRANCES.

There are remembrances that sear the brain,
There are sweet thoughts of other times, that wing
Their dove-like passage o'er the mind, and bring
Returning peace, and musings free from pain.
I have distinct remembrances of thee,
That fall upon me with a leaden weight,
Revealing days of past anxiety;
And then, again, calm visions, that recall
Far holier joys than Fancy can create.
Indeed, I deem these bright realities
Ofttimes, for they seem breathing ecstacies
Of present bliss passing before mine eyes.
Painful and calm, Remembrance hoards them all,
Their various teachings I dare not despise.

LITTLE ANNIE.

How mildly passed her second birth,
How sweet the assurance given:
One Angel less upon the Earth,
One Spirit more in Heaven!
We knew she was a tender flower,
Dropped, but not planted here,
And, knowing, feared the coming hour,
Too bitter for the tear
That Grief itself had not the power
To shed upon her bier.

We watched her with her pleasing smile,
The first that kissed her mouth,
Like sunlight on some coral isle
Within the amorous South;
The blue of heaven in her eye,
The sun's breath in her hair,
Celestial balm in every sigh,
That pass'd her rose-lips fair—
A living floweret from the sky,
The Angels missed her there.

And day by day their voices fell,
Theirs and the cherubims,
As if through some illumined dell
Swept echoings of hymns:
Fell like harp-whispers on her ears,
Like star-beams on her mind,

So faintly did they cleave the spheres;
And like the evening wind
That wafts down prayers from mountaineers,
Left melody behind.

Then she would sit apart and muse
Upon their gentle words,
Gentle as falling summer dews,
Or carolings of birds,
And wonder how these whispers came
Unto her ears alone;
Above her playmates' loud acclaim
She felt each Eden-tone,
As feels the Poet the pure flame
The crowd can never own.

And when her infant mind was filled
With melody divine,
Down came the starry Angels mild,
Like pilgrims to a shrine,
Each, with an offering of love,
To lure her from the earth,—
They envied us the spotless dove
So quiet in her mirth—
They claimed her for their home above,
We, for our homely hearth.

They were forever hovering,
Like halos, o'er her head,
And one, with wider, whiter wing,

Kept watch above her bed;
Her dreams were of a sunny clime,
Of skies serenely bright,
Where, in their everlasting prime,
These messengers of light
Joined in a harmony sublime,
That thrilled through heaven's height.

Thus was her mind forever turned
From our poor earth away,
For milder scenes her child-heart yearned,
And when she knelt to pray,
Her strange companions by her side
Knelt down in silence, too,
And to her inner voice replied,
As pass the echoes through
Some balmy valley ere they glide
Above the distant blue.

The Rose of Health still deeply bloomed
Upon her dimpled cheek,
When, lo! the yearning angels plumed
Her spirit pure and meek;
They gave it white wings like their own,
And crowned her wide young brow
With flowers, gathered where the sun
Doth kiss them as they grow,
Blanching their petals, one by one,
Till whiter than the snow.

And there stood two, like Faith and Hope,
  Above the child that died,
With thoughts pure as the stars that ope
  Their wings at eventide;
One, struggling with a weight of pain,
  In silence wild and deep,
The other, tranquil as the main
  In whose breast earthquakes sleep—
On their great hearts Grief falls like rain.
  God, only, knows they weep.

Like an Ideal Thought she came,
  A star upon Love's crest,
Then vanished like the sunset flame
  That warms the ardent West;
And like a thought of priceless worth,
  Filled with ambrosial leaven,
She passed up to her second birth,
  Above the Pleiades seven,
One Angel less upon the Earth,
  One Spirit more in Heaven.

SUN, MOON, AND STARS.

Sun, Moon, and Stars attest Thy matchless glory,
  Thou mighty Ruler of the World Unseen;
Devout Astrologers of sacred story
  Have loved to bask beneath their gorgeous sheen;
Have looked from them to Thee, and looking, raised

Their song to where the Godhead's essence lurks,
And with a hymn of deep thanksgiving praised
The greatness of Thy power and Thy works.

And how shall I, an atom, frail and weak,
Scan the blue ether with an eye of love,
Or in befitting accents sing or speak
Of those mysterious worlds that shine above?
But Thou hast planted deep within my breast
A love for all that's beautiful and bright,
From the red Morning's Sun-emblazoned crest,
To the pale Stars that celebrate the Night.

I love the storm at deepest midnight sweeping,
The gentle billow and the raging sea,
The vivid lightning, and the thunder, speaking
In mighty language, Thou Supreme! of Thee.
I love the plunging cataract, the rill
That, childlike, sparkles through the sunny plain,
The primal forest depths, convulsed or still,
'Neath the light zephyr's or dark tempest's reign.

And loving these, I turn my eyes above,
And there behold the wondrous mysteries
Which blameless men in every age have loved—
For where is aught exalts the mind like these?
By day and night, alike, behold the scene!
The King of Light upon his golden throne,
Night's silver-mantled and seductive Queen,
Encircled by the stars as with a zone!

The lofty Sun in mid-day greatness rolling,
Calmly pursuing his majestic way,
Is silently but powerfully extolling
His great Creator's glory day by day.
No clouds can wholly dim his brilliant light,
No eye can gaze upon his steady flame,
His course, from rosy morn to dewy night,
Is one unceasing Pæan to Thy name.

But scarcely is his evening anthem ended,
When lo! the Moon walks blushing up the East,
Her first soft accents with his last have blended,
And thus their silent song has never ceased,
Since the Creator's Voice first bade them hold
Their course untiring through eternal space,
And with their voiceless eloquence unfold
His boundless power, excellence and grace.

Not less the Stars their gentle hymns are blending
With the impressive silence which the night
Upon her myriad tongues is ever sending
Throughout creation's trackless realms of light.
There's not a ray that cleaves yon ethery void,
But has a tongue to sound its Maker's praise,
There's not a drop in yon receding tide,
That does not answer to their voiceless lays.

Then how much more should gifted man proclaim
The greatness of God's overruling power,
When all His works do glorify his name

Eternally, through every fleeting hour?
Teach me, Oh! God, to read thy works aright,
Fill me with love for all things bright and free,
Grant me, through life to look, by day and night,
Through all Thy vast creations up to Thee!

THE CHIEFTAIN'S LAST SIGH.

Through the depths of the forest a warrior came,
His look threat'ning death, and destruction, and flame;
Erect and majestic he stood in his pride,
By the graves of his people who fell by his side—
By the graves of the Red Men, for a Red Man was he,
Hunted down like a beast in the Land of the Free!
Pursued, but no longer that Chieftain will fly;
By the graves of his kindred he'll conquer or die.

His eye flashed with rage—there was scorn in its light,
As he called to his band to prepare for the fight;
His tomahawk's keenness he smilingly felt,
And looked to the red scalping-knife in his belt;
Shook the plumes that o'ershadowed his obdurate brow,
Again rallied his band, and repeated his vow.
Now the foe is in sight—hark! that terrible cry
Proves, that here the brave Red Man will conquer or die!

Thick fly the swift arrows, unerring they fly,
Like the bleak winds in Autumn the stricken ones sigh;

And that Warrior-Chief, with a demon possessed,
In the midst of the carnage lays bare his bold breast;
Each blow of his tomahawk, reeking and red,
Like the stroke of a Fate, adds one more to the dead,
And his resolute band, with their wild battle-cry,
Are thronging around him, in numbers, to die.

Yes, to die! but they fall without murmur or groan,
And their death-dealing Chieftain stands firmly—alone!
As the sea, lash'd to fury, rolls on in its might,
So he breasts his foes with a frantic delight;
There's revenge in his look, there is death in his frown,
And he fights like a Chief who upholds his renown;
Overpowered by numbers he yields his last sigh
By the graves of his race, where he wandered to die.

HOLY GROUND.

When thoughtful Contemplation fills
The mind, go, climb the rugged hills,
Down which the crystal-footed rills
In freedom bound;
The mind, all hope, is upward led,
For every spot on which we tread
Is Holy Ground.

As homeward turns the shepherd's flock,
Stand on the firmly-rooted rock,
That trembles 'neath the thunder's shock,

With awe profound ;
The spirit erewhile so oppress'd,
Is now the soul's delighted guest—
'T is Holy Ground.

Emerging from the leprous town,
We wander where the mountains frown,
Or where the torrent leapeth down,
With psalmy sound:
Feelings of inspiration steal
Upon the mind—we own—we feel
'T is Holy Ground.

When pondering by the silent shore,
We hear the tortured ocean roar,
Our thoughts beyond its vastness soar,
And all around
Delights—uplifts—expands the mind
Where Beauty ever lives enshrined—
'T is Holy Ground.

Go, thread the Wisdom-haunted Woods,
Where slave of Mammon ne'er intrudes,
Or seek the sylvan solitudes
Where Peace is found;
Contrast their silence with the strife
And folly of a selfish life—
'Tis Holy Ground.

We reverence the marble stone,
That tells us of a spirit flown

To worlds unseen, but not unknown;
This grassy mound,
Each green blade on whose sacred knoll
Begets sweet feelings in the soul,
Is Holy Ground.

Not less so is the wood-clad height,
Seen by broad Day or sombre Night;
Each humble view that meets the sight
Serves to expound
The wholesome truth, that Earth was meant,
Despite Man's peevish discontent,
For Holy Ground.

PLEASANT MEMORIES.

Mary, do you Remember—
Do you remember the ancient house,
The moss to its brown roof clinging—
The old open roof, where the swallows each year
Reared their downy broods without let or fear—
The moss in the eaves,
And the birds 'mong the leaves,
The flute-toned Robin and his spouse,
A vermeil tinge on his rounded breast,
In the plumb and apple trees singing?
The yellow-bird's nest
Woven with skill in the forkéd boughs
Of the currant trees in the garden walk,

Where we'd thoughtfully meet, and sparingly talk,
Sometimes aloud, but oftener mute,
Pulling the juicy coral-hued fruit,
Conversing of books, and of learnéd men,
In the grassy walk of the garden then—
Mary, do you Remember?

Do you remember the hollyhock
That stood at the foot of the garden walk,
With its rich purple flowers,
And around it, in showers,
The rose-trees dropping their delicate leaves,
Like the tears shed by Beauty when she grieves;
The hardy rockets, pink, lilac and white,
The morning-glory that clomb in the night
Up the slender rod, as if some spirit bright
Beckoned it up
With its dew-filled cup,
To bask in the pale moon's loving light?
The marygold's deep-yellow hue,
The sweet-pea blossoms, red and blue,
The mignonette, scenting the morning air,
With a perfume as sweet as an infant's prayer;
And over them all the humming-bird,
Like a living flower, gold and green,
Pleasing the eye with its glancing sheen,
Scenting the odors, was often heard,
Oft was heard, and oft was seen,
Like a beautiful thought the leaves between—
These, Mary, do you Remember?

Do you remember the little windmill,
On the long, slim pole, that would never be still?
Ever by night, and ever by day,
In its easy, rolicking, careless way,
Buffing the zephyrs, grave or gay,
Ever warning dull spirits away,
With its clattering, chattering roundelay?
In the warm sunny noon, when the bees were abroad,
Kissing the flowers,
Or when the Hours
Stepp'd down at night,
Golden and bright,
Gently pressing the warm, green sod,
Chanting the Hymn of Departing Day;
When the rain fell merrily,
Or the cricket cheerily
Chirped its strange melody,
Singing of Home, in the long, green grass;
When the winds piped loud, or the zephyrs sang low,
That mill was scampering fast or slow,
Mocking at sorrow, and winking at woe—
Do you remember that talkative mill?
That wrangling, mischievous, mirth-loving mill?
Mary, do you Remember?

Do you remember the marsh near by,
Where the winds would moan, and the rushes would sigh—
The rushes that grew nearly five feet high,

Screening the houses the muskrats built,
Where the brown-bearded bulrush rose a-tilt,
Ruffling the flowers of purplish blue,
That blossomed and bloomed the summer through?
Do you remember the lilies that grew,
The white water-lilies that grew, and lay
Rocking themselves in the sun all day,
Like a Neriad fleet, along the bay;
And the mossy nest of the saucy wren,
Swinging and swaying
All day long; and when
The hounds' distant baying
Told that the star-watch was set in the skies,
Then, do you remember the fire-flies,
Startling the air
With a mystic glare,
Like the Borealis streaming forth
Up the blue skies of the crispéd North,—
Now here—now there—now everywhere?
And strangest of all, the bullfrogs' croaking!
Called you it singing, or vamping, or joking?
For I never can tell, for the life of me,
What these musical wretches sing or say!
Mary, do you Remember?

Do you remember the meadow-field,
Where the red-ripe strawberries lay concealed,
Close to the roots of the scented grass,
That bowed to let the sunbeams pass

To smile on the buttercups clustering over
The drooping heads of honied clover?
Or the golden dandelions, milky-stemmed,
With which the spring fields were begemmed?
Do you remember the hawthorn hedge,
In its virginal bloom,
Breathing perfume
Far along the water-worn ledge;
The crows, with their signals of raven-like caws,
Like Ethiope sentinels over the haws?
The wild roses flinging
Their sweets to the breeze,
While perched on the trees
The sparrow sat, singing
Its plain, homely melody, and the brown thrush
Flung mellowy peals from thickets of rush,
As the blackbird piped from his vocal throat
His one soft-syllabled, graceful note?
Gentlier breezes never blew,
Lovelier roses never grew,
Honeysuckles nowhere ever
Had a more delicious flavor,
Never hedge that ever budded
Was more delicately studded,
Never buttercups more yellow,
Clover sweeter or more mellow,
Than along this bank of flowers
Cheered the rosy-pinioned hours,
Passing o'er the swaying meadow,

Passing, leaving not a shadow,
But bearing odors to the brain,
Binding the senses as with a chain
Of linkéd sounds, that pleased the ears,
Of sights, that charmed the eye to tears!
Do you remember the little snipe,
Whenever surprised how shrill he'd pipe?
A comical, restless, industrious snipe,
With a piccolo-sound to his three-note pipe—
Mary, do you Remember?

Do you remember the old school-room
That seemed little else than a solemn tomb?
Though on looking back
On life's beaten track,
Those hours were happier far than they seemed,
Dearer than ever we thought or dreamed!
Do you remember, each holiday,
When old Winter came, muffled up to the ears,
Like a frigid old fellow, his eyes all tears,
Congealed as they fell—a sparkling chain
Of frost-pearls, clanking a cold refrain—
How the schoolboys would skate o'er the frozen bay,
Making old Boreas as tricksy at play
As the liveliest sprite of a summer's day?—
Old Boreas that killed all the delicate leaves,
Dried the moss in the eaves,
Withered the rushes, and trampled the flowers
Raised by the spring in her sunniest hours,

Whitened the bosom of valley and hill—
But he never could quiet that little wind-mill,
That winter and summer
Was its own drummer,
Playing one season out, and another one in,
A perfect young Topsy for mischief and din!
Do you remember the fine old bell,
That warned us home with its silvery knell?
Mary, do you Remember?

Do you Remember! Yes.—The slave at the oar
Of the galley he knows he can quit nevermore,
No chain can more firmly, more hopelessly bind,
Than time has enwoven those scenes with thy mind;
And more that in memory's heart will remain,
More than these, too, are struggling in memory's chain:
Happy faces that met you in life's happy dawn,
Of her that is living, and they that are gone;
Happy faces that cluster, like hopes, round you still,
Like the sunbeams that linger the last on the hill;
And though sad or though pleasant these memories be
They are fraught with the noblest of lessons to thee.

MY KITTEN.

Playful, kind, mischievous thing!
Like a stream meandering
Through the sun-enamored glade,
Frisking when its course is stayed;

Leaping joyously along,
With thy unassuming song,
Delighted with the thought of living,
Caring little how deceiving
Is the world, with all its joys,
Blighted hopes and false decoys.

Teasing, saucy little pest!
Will you never be at rest?
Romping in and out the house,
Chasing tabby for a mouse,
Climbing nimbly up the door,
Strewing papers round the floor,
Prancing up and down the roof,
Giving, every moment, proof
That all living things should strive
To be happy while alive.

Life to thee is but a play,
Invented to pass time away;
Earth is not a house of grief;
Our existence is too brief
To yield up a single hour
To that grim, obtrusive power,
Melancholy, with his brow
Ever black as night with wo!
I'd much rather be a kitten,
With a love for humor smitten,
Then be doomed to live on earth,
And not have my share of mirth.

Puss! I'd rather have it said
That your waggish little head
Rested archly on my shoulders,
Making fun for all beholders,
Than be forced to live for life
With the world of gloom and strife.
Yes—much rather would I be
Full of merriment like thee,
Than a gloomy misanthrope,
Without any earthly hope
E'er to live, as was designed,
Happy both in heart and mind.

THE FROST KING'S REVEL.

It was a night of terror—fiercely bleak!
The winds like haggard demons leaped along
The whitened fields. Far o'er the piney hills,
Far up among the mountain fastnesses,
Their horrid laughter and avenging tones,
Shook the red granite to its base. The trees
Sprang from the frozen ground in fear, and fell
Death-doomed to earth. Indifferent were they,
These unrelenting and malignant winds,
What poor misguided wretch they scourged to death;
Whether he struggled onward clad with rags,
The sport and playthings of the spiteful breeze,
That as it filled his very bones with chills

And heartfelt tremblings, whistled as it passed,
A merry tune; or whether favored less
By some capricious messenger of Fate,
His weary limbs refused to carry him
To where a scanty shelter might be found,
And he was forced to hug the ground and die,
A victim to the Frost King's Judas kiss—
'T was all the same.—The subtle winds swept down
On all who madly ventured forth to dare
Their rugged blasts that night. Theirs was the task
To swell the almost endless catalogue
Of those who perished by their cruel aid:
A countless multitude, whose names were traced
Upon a scroll the hoary Frost King held
In his firm grasp, as, seated on a cloud
Of snowy vapour, he was wafted through
The skies, by winds that loved to do him homage.

Onward he sped, attended by his train
Of tyrannous dependents: Winds that pierced
And froze the marrow in men's bones, that chilled
The blood, so that it nourished not the frame,
But crept, cold and unnatural, in slow
And sluggish motion through the heart; vapours
That quenched the stars and darkened all the air,
Bearing their frozen spray o'er many a league
Of country. These obeyed their monarch's nod,
Joyed in his frowns, and watched his meteor-eye
To catch an icy look of cool approval,

As they performed their ærial manœuvres,
Or sprinkled showers of snow upon the earth,
Or laid some miserable hovel low,
Leaving its inmates in the cold to perish.

The merry monarch held his boisterous way
Through mid-air, marshaling his blackest clouds,
Devising cruel schemes wherewith he might
Descend, and torture some unconscious wretch,
Who, unsuspecting, lay upon his couch,
Dreaming of happiness. His keen eyes gleam,
Like rival stars, that through the wintry night
Flash hatred on each other; his gaze is fixed
On earth; and shouting a triumphant shout,
That strikes the echoes dumb in the hill sides,
He claps his deathly hands, as, smilingly,
He marks some scene of suffering below,
On which his heartless look is fixed. The winds
Gather their fiercest blasts; the vapoury car
Restrains its airy flight; and hastening down
To view the fearful scene and claim his rights,
The Frost-King comes. It is a sight of awe,
From which, and justly too, the sensitive mind
Recoils with terror. Flames are seen to rise,
Mouthing the shrinking air with feverous lips,
Scorching the raven locks from night's dark brow,
And showering up swift, burning-pointed darts,
That rend the tortured bosom of the sky,
And rive the clouds in twain. Affrighted cries,

And shrieks of thrilling anguish and despair,
Resound abroad; the mother clasps her babes,
And flies the shelter of her burning roof,
With scarce a tatter snatched up in her haste,
To shield them from the cold. Their humble home
Is soon reduced to ashes. 'T is the dead
Of night. The winds unmercifully beat
Against their naked forms. For many miles
No human dwelling can be found, wherein
They might obtain a refuge from the storm,
That with its breath inclement, sharp and cold,
Shrivels the tender skin, and numbs the flesh
Of these poor houseless ones. No strength have they
To move their stiffened joints. Their breath departs,
With many a groan, light-breathed, inaudible,
And they a group of corses strew the ground.

Blow on, stern tyrants! death-leagued winds that come
From out the north's bleak chambers, vent your rage!
Above, below, on earth, and in the sky,
Gather your forces; set the deadliest parts
Of your destructive, dread machinery
In motion, and the hoary Prince of Cold
Bear far away from the appalling view
Of this too-tragic picture! Now unrolls
The fatal scroll. The Frost King writes thereon
The names of his last victims, and ascends,
With triumph in his eye, to seek new haunts

Where he can exercise his brief authority,
And make his arbitrary presence felt.

Across wide tracts of country sped the car.
As quick as thought the surly king was borne
Over primeval forests, where the trees,
Like those in hardy Lapland, hid in snow,
Scarce shewed their leafless tops; o'er deserts wide,
Where roamed the Indian and the trapper, free
Joyous and unconstrained, as if they trod
The grassy sod of Summer; o'er the gay
And populous city, where luxurious Ease
And Plenty dared his ghostly train to enter.
No passion had he for the glories of
The tropics, or the blooming of the south;
Brazilian forests, or the slumberous lakes
Of Guinea, or the bamboo-covered banks
Of the immortal Ganges; or the woods
And prairies of the unfathomed ocean deeps;
Italian sunsets; the delicious skies
Of Greece; where'er continual Summer reigned;
Or where Mozambique or Arabian gales
Scent the fine air a furlong out at sea:
On these his spectre vision rested not.

But like a fiend he hastened to the Cape,
Where reigns eternal winter; to the plains
Bordering on the Icy Sea; across
Norwegian hills, or o'er the desert bleak
Where the brave sons of Sweden, years ago,

Fell patriot victims to the northern blast;
Nor stayed to pluck a single Alpine rose,
That, like a cherub in the midst of death,
Peered in sweet beauty o'er the icy mass.
Now, he beheld the gleaming palaces
Of Russia's tyrant realm; and now, he swept
Over Siberian deserts; or reviewed,
A moment after, Greenland's frost-bound plains,
Which, in interminable fields of ice,
Lay stretched in vastness. Hast'ning back he comes,
With rage impatient, furious with delay,
To tread his old haunts o'er and o'er again,
In search of death. The Northern skies grow dark
At his approach; the poor his presence dread,
Though tremblingly submit, with many a sigh,
To all his rude, tyrannic pleasantries.
High on the cold bleak hills, on mountain peaks,
That rear their whitened summits to the skies,
He, watchful, sits. High up above the Alps,
He listens to the echoes whooping through
The snow-bound defiles, like a troop of wolves
Howling among the hills. Swiftly he flies,
As the last echo fells the avalanche,
And sweeps the venturous traveller to his doom;
Records his victims; mounts his car again,
And like a universal spirit-thought,
Circles the world. His eagle eye is strained,
To catch an early glimpse of dire mishaps,
And rude disasters; and his lengthening scroll

Is oft unrolled and furled, and op'd again,
As he inscribes the name of many a youth
And buxom dame, o'ertaken by the storm,
That yield to his embrace—the clasp of Death!

Here, the too happy swain, returning home
From the exciting dance, with some fair girl,
His chosen partner and attanced bride,
Drives the impatient horse o'er the frail ice,
That bends beneath their weight, when down they sink,
Beyond the reach of help. And here, from some
Vile brothel, rank with pestilence and crime,
The senseless Drunkard reels, uncertain where
To seek the home he might have made a heaven,
And where his wife, a-weeping o'er her babe,
Like a drenched lily o'er a budding rose,
Patiently droops, awaiting his return—
Return!—Long has the wily Frost King marked
That senseless and inebriated fool,
Who, sinking 'neath his weight of wretchedness,
Extends himself upon the ground, and dies!
These, from his high retreat, and thousands more,
Well pleased, the rugged Frost King sees expire.
Thus is his dreaded reign, from year to year,
Pregnant with death. His icy sceptre sways
These Northern wilds for months; until the Spring—
Creation's first-born — comes through the smiling heavens,
And hurls the tyrant monarch from his throne.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Greatest twain among the nations,
  Bound, alike, by kindred ties—
Ties that never should be sundered
  While your banners grace the skies—
But, united, stand and labor,
  Side by side, and hand in hand,
Battling with the sword of Freedom,
  For the peace of every land.
Yours the one beloved language,
  Yours the same religious creed,
Yours the glory and the power,
  Great as ever was the meed
Of old Rome, or Greece, or Sparta,
  When their arms victoriously,
Proved their terrible puissance
  Over every land and sea.

Let the Son respect the Sire,
  Let the Father love the Son,
Both unitedly supporting
  All the glories they have won:
Thus in concert nobly wrestling,
  They may work the world's release,
And when having crushed its tyrants,
  Stand the Sentinels of Peace—
Stand, the mighty twin Colossus',
  Giants of the latter days,

Straight'ning for the coming kingdom
All the steep and rugged ways,
Down which many a lofty nation—
Lofty on the scroll of fame—
Has been swept to righteous judgment,
Naught remaining but its name.

What! allied to Merrie England,
Have ye not a noble birth?
Yours, America, her honors,
Yours her every deed of worth.
Have ye not her Norman courage?
Wear ye not her Saxon cast?
Boast ye not her love of Freedom?
Do ye not revere the Past?
When her mighty Men of Genius—
Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope,
Glorified that selfsame language,
Since become your pride and hope?
Do ye not respect the council
Where her living statesmen sit?
Would ye blot the fame of Walpole?
Dare ye slight the name of Pitt?

Did not Locke, and Hume, and Smollett,
All conspire to make thee great
In the priceless pearls of Wisdom
Which such gifted minds create?

Did not Cranmer suffer for thee?
Boldly dying at the stake,
When the mitred Roman Pontiff
Scourged him for his conscience' sake!
Did not Latimer and Ridley
Perish for the very creed
Which your free-born sons would fight for
In the bitter hour of need?
Did not Luther triumph for thee,
In that dear Religion's cause?
That strong prop that now supports thee—
Did not Alfred frame thy Laws?

And not less is thine the glory,
England, of thy daring son;
Webster, Cooper, Clay, and Irving,
Thine the fame which they have won;
Thine the fame of Western Genius—
Bryant, Hoffman, Whittier, Read;
Wisdom's words by them are garnered,
They have sown the precious seed
Which thy sons in future ages—
Thine and theirs—for ye are one—
Shall be proud to reap the fruit of—
Jewels set in Wisdom's Sun!
These, where'er thy tongue is spoken,
Will add splendor to thy name,
And thy wisest tongues pronounce them,
Worthy of enduring fame.

There will come a time, my Brothers,
And a dread time it will be,
When your swords will flash together,
For your Faith in jeopardy.
Not for crowns, or lands, or sceptres,
Will the fight be fought and won,
Not for fame, or treaties broken,
But for God, and God alone:
For the mind with which he bless'd us,
That a false creed would keep down,
Shackle—bind it to its purpose—
To uphold a falling crown.
See that then ye fail not, Brothers!
Set the listening skies aglow
With such deeds as live in heaven,
If your Faith be worth a blow.

Proud, then, of each other's greatness,
Ever struggle side by side;
Noble Son! time-honored Parent!
Let no paltry strife divide
Hearts like yours, that should be mindful
Only of each others' worth—
Mindful of your high position
'Mongst the powers of the earth.
Mightiest twain among the nations!
Bound, alike, by kindred ties—
Ties that never should be sundered,
While your banners grace the skies;

Hearts and dest'nies once united,
Steadfast to each other prove,
Bind them with enduring fetters—
Bind them with the Bonds of Love.

THE WRECK.

"When the steamer Home was wrecked upon the beach at Ocracoke, N. C., they rang the bell incessantly until she went to pieces on the breakers; and that melancholy sound was heard at a distance, above the noise of the waves."

Hark! hark to the knell
Of that wild-voiced bell,
That rings o'er the surging waves,
Each tone doth sweep
O'er the troubled deep,
Like a voice from the seamen's graves!

While borne to the shore,
Is the breakers' roar,
And the elements' wild halloo,
The dismal sound
Of its voice hath drowned
The shouts of the struggling crew.

Swiftly the wreck,
Like a stricken speck
On the wild upheaving main,
Sinks through the deep,

With a sudden sweep,
Like a pang through a tyrant's brain.

But the last wild sound
On that deep profound,
Heard high o'er the winds and waves,
Is the startling knell
Of that loud-voiced bell,
Passing down to the seamen's graves.

And each struggling form
In that fearful storm,
As he gasps for a parting breath,
Feels a sudden thrill,
As that warning shrill
Tolls him down to the Ship of Death.

And so when the world
From its place is hurled,
Like a speck will it pass away,
And all ears shall hear,
O'er the crash severe,
The knell of the Judgment Day.

THE LOFTY AND THE LOWLY.

There's not a page of nature's book
O'er which the thoughtful eye may look,
But fills the mind with praise;
There's not a plant that springs below,

E'en to the lowliest shrubs that grow
  Beneath the sun's bright rays,
But claims a more than passing share
Of admiration and of care.

With pride we view the stately oak,
Feel, when it meets the woodman's stroke,
  As for a friend cut down;
While the sweet daisy by its side,
In all its unassuming pride,
  By the same stroke o'erthrown—
How few lament its sudden fate—
Our sympathy is with the great!

Thus does the world about us feel
For an ambitious statesman's weal,
  Whereas a poor man's woe
Is seldom either known or felt,
Although he may, perhaps, have dealt—
  For aught strict worldlings know—
More good in his small circle than
His more important fellow-man.

I've seen a fawning parasite,
The pliant tool of men of might,
  Attended to his grave
By troops of friends, who'd shared his gold,
Which made his virtues manifold—
  A good man of a knave;
And I've seen men of sterling worth
Borne rudely to their parent earth,

Because, forsooth! they died so poor
That all their worth could not procure
The friendship of the world:
They were the daisies which had grown
Uncared for, and in part unknown,
And those the oak trees, hurled
By some rude blast of fortune down,
But miss'd—for they had smelt renown!

I DREAMED I MET THEE.

I dreamed I met thee, with the glow
Of Girlhood fresh upon thy cheek,
As when thy voice, serene and low,
In love's undying tones did speak;
And through my heart, and to my brain,
Rushed life's warm current wildly-free,
As memory brought back again
My Boyhood's earnest love for thee.

'Twas midst a gay and brilliant throng,
Where dancers glided to and fro,
And where the wild, impassioned song,
Brought to each eye love's burning glow;
But we had strayed apart from all
The gayer spirits that had met—
Some to enjoy the festal ball,
Others to banish deep regret.

Our lips moved not, we did not seek
By words to tell some love-lorn wile,
Secrets, which words could never speak,
Were told by an impressive smile.
But there was language in each look,
That could a kindred mind control,
Language the impatient could not brook—
The silent commune of the soul.

Thus would I meet thee, fairest one!
If there the power should be given
To know each other, where the Sun
Of Love forever shines, in Heaven.
Oh! joy beyond what earth can give!
To see thee and to know thee, where
The good in endless pleasures live—
'Twere heaven, indeed, if thou wert there.

THE CHANGES OF A NIGHT.

Midnight had set her star-emblazoned seal
Upon the slumbering world. I could not sleep.
Thoughts flashed across my mind at every throb
Of my lone heart; and voices came to me,
From my hushed chamber's solitary depths,
That I'd long loved to listen to. I heard
The merry laugh of one, whose girlhood's heart,
Light as the spotted fawn's in summer woods,

Beat proudly when I smiled upon her love.
I saw her glide mysteriously past,
And felt the pressure of her heart-warmed hand.
The same rich music floated from her lips,
As when, in happier days, she sung to me
The tender ballads of a far-off land:
Her very breath was song, her words were odes,
That set the pulses of the heart aglow
With a divine exuberance of love,
As pure as starbeams round the throne of night.
My soul was flooded with a bounding joy—
Surely 'tis love that quickens us for heaven,
As day-break heralds the impassioned sun!
The heavy clouds that draped my spirit's skies,
And hung like opiate slumbers on my brain,
Had burned to rose-hues in the flame of love.
She spake; my sense expanding like the rose
That opens to the song o' the nightingale,
And buoys on wings of perfume every note,
Meeting the silvery breathings of the stars
Midway from heaven. And sweet sleep came not.
My palpitating brain was burning with
The mountain-thoughts that crushed me with their weight,
And laid me panting on my restless couch.
I staggered forth and drank the cooling breeze
That swept with gentle motion through the air.
The dew of heaven lay upon the grass,
A mimic star-world on a ground of green,
And on the trembling leaves of the young trees,

It glistened, like the globes of rain that lodge
Upon them after a refreshing shower.

Silence was on my soul; and silence wrapt
The lucid atmosphere. I looked above:
The stars were shining on the brow of night,
Like diamonds pendent from a sapphire dome,
And blazing planets glittered on her breast,
As jewels deck a queen. There Venus burned
Her vestal lamp; and there Orion gleamed,
To cheer the mariner upon his way
Across the midnight waters; and along
The milky way a gauzy light was thrown,
Through which the bright stars glimmered, like the eyes
Of some fair beauty underneath her veil,
That cannot hide their dazzling brilliancy.
In the far west the moon was gliding down
To soothe the restless billows at her feet,
That wrapped their gray heads in her silver robes,
Leaving the untold myriads of stars
That syllable the praises of the night,
To sing their parting hymns ere they put on
Their robes of ether, or retire into
Their air-suspended chambers, hung aloft
By the strong arm of the Invisible.
The river, like a tired Palmer, lay
Dreaming of endless quiet; but afar,
In the now darkened distance, which the eye
Could dimly penetrate, the noise of waves

Was heard distinctly, as they rolled along
In dead, unbroken swells: They heralded
The coming storm. The rivulet that dashed
Its molten amber-drops of cooling water
Against the rocks that dallied with its course,
Like red-haired giants toying with a child,
Mingled its precious tribute with the stream
That lay extended many a sullen mile,
But which regarded not the offering
Which evermore the streamlet ministered
To her insatiable thirst. The breeze
Sprang down and loosed the white manes of the waves,
That, startled, moaned along the echoing shore,
Like snow wreaths scudding from the borean blast,
Shrieking aloud for fear. These lashed the cliffs
Far up the mountain-side. The unchained winds
Laid the old trees, that had withstood the gales
Of half a century, prostrate on the earth.
This sudden change the various passions of
The human mind resembled. Quietness,
And Peace, and blissful Calm usurp the breast,
Until some unexpected power arise,
To force them from their place. Shades dark and light
Are ever flitting o'er the mind. These are
The ebb and flow—the evil and the good
Of human nature, that forever strive
Within us, each at times predominant.
In haste I sought my solitary home;
And as the morning had not dawned, I threw

Myself upon my couch, and meditated
On what had passed. Delicious slumber came
Unbidden, and I sank into repose,
And dreamed of happy faces and bright forms
That used to mingle with my boyhood's sports.

TO REV. JAMES G. WITTED.

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF HIS BROTHER.

Death ever snatching up some valued friend,
Sudden as the vexed lightning strips the boughs
Of the strong oak! Oh! will it never end?
This scourge, that fades the crimson from my Rose
Of Life! Will heaven never interpose,
And stay its shafts, till the last arrow cleave
My own lashed heart, and my eyes forever close
Their weary watchings? For my Friend I grieve.
He, for his Brother-Friend, while I, in Sorrow, weave

A wreath of Cypress for the sable Urn
Of Grief, in which the tears of Memory
Are shrined, as well as in the hearts they burn,
With their slow, withering intensity.
Far o'er the wave, how many souls there be
Who feel the stroke that has surprised us here!
But not of Friends alone—the agony
That rends the bosom of the wife; the tear
That scalds the orphan's cheek: these fill Grief's gloomy sphere.

When he, with his strong frame, and manly glow
Of robust health, gave waiting death his hand,
Who may expect exemption from the blow
That thus strikes down the ablest in the land?
Our spirits, too, my Friend, at Death's command,
Must follow his, that the deep mysteries,
That lie beyond the scope of man, may stand
Disrobed before us, and with soul-like ease
We may peruse the secrets of the infinities.

The dead are ever with us: ever round
About us hovering, like rainbows o'er
The cloud. There's not a foot of ground
On which we tread, where Truth has gone before,
That is not hallowed thence, for evermore,
By the blest footprints of the souls we love.
There is no death. The Shape that guards the shore
Where Life's frail journey ends, is Mercy's dove,
That brings us renewed life from life's great source above.

Well may'st thou grieve! A noble manhood sat
Upon his brow; and in his eye, a true
Nobility of Soul—an eye whereat
Friendship might light her paling lamp anew.
He found a milder home than that which drew
His footsteps from that dear beloved strand,
With the fond Brother of his youth, to view
The boundless garden of the Western land,
Pleased with its generous clime, its breezes soft and bland.

Not far from where the Mississippi's wave
Rolls its rich freightage through the fertile West,
The hands of Stranger-Friends have made his grave,
And borne his body to its shrouded rest.
God oft removes the friends whom we love best:
That through Affliction we may nearer come
To Him and them. Through suffering are we blest,
And purified; surmount life's darkest gloom.
He, Friend, perchance, was called, to bring thee nearer home!

EDITH TO HAROLD

AT HIS CORONATION.

Life of my life! joy of my inmost soul!
Whose life and death are destined to control
My spirit's being: let me think of thee,
Possessor of my heart's idolatry!
Bright was the day with sunlight from above,
When first you whispered of long-cherished love;
When that stout heart that beats for England's weal,
Was bound by chains as strong as chains of steel;
When that strong arm with tender fondness press'd
My yielding form against your throbbing breast;
When that calm eye, in danger's hour serene,
Gazed on my brow as on your future Queen;
When that loud voice, deep as the trumpet's sound,
Rang in my ears, and made my spirit bound

With feelings such as they can never know
Who spurn the blind God as men spurn a foe.

I do not weep, nor think the less of thee,
That thou prefer'st thy country's weal to me;
The fates absolve thee, Harold, from thy vow,
And to my cruel destiny I bow,
Content to know none other name but mine
Will be inscribed on that firm breast of thine,
Save hers, thy country's—England's—with whose fame
Will ever live King Harold's noble name.

Oft do I think upon our childhood's hours,
When day by day we culled the wildwood flowers.
What holy joy inspired us when we met!
Our partings, too, how saddened with regret!
Until a childish kiss relieved the pain,
And vows were pledged that we should meet again.

I think of thy long sojourn in the land
Of strangers; and of thy return, to stand
By the decree of thy Country and thy King.
One name to every English lip did spring,
One name was shouted by both Thegn and Ceorl;
That name was Harold's—Harold, England's Earl!
I think on the love-consecrated knoll,
Deep in the forest glade, where love's control
Held in soft bonds your manly heart and mine,
And you confessed your love and called me thine.
And I was happy; and my spirit yearned

For thee; and blushes—maiden blushes—burned
My cheeks, as, gazing on thy noble form,
I knew thy love, more resolute and warm,
Was still as pure as in those childish days,
When on your brow I placed the verdant bays,
Calling each one a Crown, and thee—a King!
Strange that such prophecies should ofttimes bring
Their own fulfilment; and that time will make
The jests of lisping childhood oft partake
Of truthfulness. These sinless days have pass'd—
Oh! that their sweetness could forever last!

When war, like an avenging spirit, rose,
And thou pursuedst thy country's daring foes,
My soul was with thee. In thy adverse hour,
I felt as if heaven had given me the power
To rescue thee from danger: for I knew—
By the sweet feelings understood by few—
The blending of our spirits—when the arm
Of the proud foe was o'er thee. Not the charm
Devised by Hilda with such secret care,
Availed thee more than Edith's humble prayer.
It was the prayer of Love; and Love is strong,
And triumphs, ev'n as Right must conquer Wrong,
And Truth o'erpower Falsehood. Not only then,
When in fair fight you met your fellow-men,
Did my prophetic soul the dangers see—
As in a mirror—which encompassed thee;
But when thou wentest to the Norman's land,

I saw thy fleet endangered on the strand,
And prayed for thy release. In pain I wept,
When William, the ambitious Norman, kept
England's great hero at that pompous court
Against his will: and sought with Norman sport,
And glittering festivity, to find
Some hidden inlet to thy giant mind;
Some secret entrance still unfortified
Against the fopperies of Norman pride.

But England's name was written on thy heart,
For England's fame you gently bore the smart,
And treasured up the insult in that soul
That never yet was swayed by man's control,
Nor artifice nor insult long could brook
From a deceitful foe. Yet one more look
Upon that Kingly brow, and on thy Queen,
Who sits where I—thy Edith—might have been,
Had heaven willed it so; and I retire
For ever from the world, but to aspire
To an immortal heritage—a throne,
Not so uncertain, Harold, as thine own.
Once in my humble cell, my prayers shall be
Employed in meek sincerity for thee.

Beloved Harold! Joy of my heart's joy!
Mainspring of my existence! From a boy,
Sweet partner of my soul! my bosom's lord!
Here and in heaven my constancy's reward—
Farewell!—But not forever be it said:

Once more I'll meet thee, where the ransomed dead
Of this world win that immortality
Which such bright minds as thine, from error free,
Aspire to. One look more, and then—farewell!
Thou hast thy Throne, and Edith has—her Cell!

SONG OF THE NEW YEAR.

I come, I come on untiring wing,
As swift as a ray of light;
From the far off realms of immensity,
I come to claim my right.
As the blushing Morn is newly born
From the depths of startled Night,
Even so do I, Phœnix-like, arise,
From the last faint breath the Old Year sighs.

I come, I come to rule o'er a world
Of mingled Joy and Woe;
The former alone 't is mine to bring,
Of the latter ye've had enow!
Choose, then, ye millions of thinking souls;
Who wills it can bestow
A share of the joy that is needed here,
To banish the ills ye hold so dear.

Choose, choose, ye vessels of mighty thoughts
That are given from God to man;
Would ye revel in black iniquity

Through life's uncertain span!
Or lay before heaven those acts of love
That Angels are pleased to scan?
Choose—choose—in that choice are the Future's seeds,
I am here as a witness to all your deeds.

I know but little of earthly strife,
And less of earthly care,
But I must study the dark of life,
As well as the bright and fair,
Though I come of a mild, celestial race,
That has never known despair,
From a land where a million suns are known
To shed their light on our monarch's throne.

And much of that light travels down to earth;
The Sun and the Moon on high,
And the Stars, from their silent watch-towers,
Spread it round through the tranquil sky;
And the wings of Angels that come unseen,
But are ever hovering nigh,
Are evermore bringing, by day and night,
To the dwellers on earth, that celestial light.

I, too, on my mission of peace, bring down
The light of the living day,
To illume the path of earth's hopeless ones,
Who in evil have gone astray,
As well as to guide the steps of those

Who are walking in wisdom's way;
Oh! spurn it not, nor quench its beams
In the evil that runs through earth's foul streams.

Like you, ye dwellers on earth's fair soil,
I, also, must sojourn here,
Till, having performed my appointed task,
I am winged to another sphere,
Where I will meet—in the vast beyond—
The ghosts of each by-gone year,
Where the waters of Time's unfathomed sea
Roll on to the shores of Eternity.

And many who now are flushed with health,
Will I meet on that distant strand,
For well will I know my own fair flowers,
When they bloom in the spirit-land,
Where each glad year that has wandered here,
Is chief of the goodly band
That during his stay has been called away
To the realms that smile in endless day.

I come, I come on untiring wing,
As swift as a ray of light,
From the far off realms of immensity
I come to enforce my right.
Let there be Joy through the universe,
And let Sorrow feel its might,
For in Joy there is Wisdom, and Strength and Love,
And Sorrow lives not in the realms above.

SOUL, THOU ART LONELY.

Soul, thou'rt lonely—calm and lonely,
Lonely as the stricken deer,
Waiting for its lost companions
Slaughtered in the distant mere,
Sadness is thy earthly portion,
Sadness that beclouds the mind,
Scarce a single vestige leaving
Of God's glorious light behind.
Yes, my soul, thou'rt sad and lonely.
Be thou to thy lot resigned.

Couldst thou but forget the moments,
Few in number, that have pass'd
O'er thee, like the light of evening,
Leaving all in gloom at last;
Could some gently-rolling Lethe
Wash remembrance from the mind,
Blotting out the golden day-dreams
Those fond moments left behind;
Then, my soul, how shouldst thou triumph!
Then thou mightest be resigned.

But so long as memory looketh
With regret upon the past,
Feasting on the priceless treasures
Then, in brighter days, amassed,
Will the sweet remembrance foster
This drear loneliness of mind,
Though my best resolves should prompt thee,

Like true friends with counsel kind,
To shake off thy chains of bondage,
And be to thy lot resigned.

Yes, my soul, thou'rt sad and lonely,
Lonely as the mateless dove,
When the cruel blasts of winter
Have deprived it of its love.
Could fond Hope resume its empire
Over my deserted mind,
And retouch the fading day-dream
Dim within my thoughts enshrined,
Then couldst thou shake off this sadness,
To thy future lot resigned.

PEACE, FOND SOUL.

Peace, fond soul, the restless fancies
Ever flitting o'er my mind,
Must not mar thy weal eternal,
Must not strike thy Reason blind!
Fortune still may frown upon thee,
Disappointment's sable wings
May, as ever, hover o'er thee,
Shadowing all lovely things,
But do thou, my Soul, be pressing
Where no ills shall bid thee mourn,
Ever onward—ever upward—
Upward to thy certain bourne.

What are all the earthly pastimes,
All the joys that thou couldst win,
In this world of joy and sorrow,
In this Pleasure-house of Sin—
What are they—the sweetest of them,
Likened to a moment's space
Of that clime where thou art hast'ning,
Of that Treasure-house of Grace?
Like a single drop of water,
Falling in the ocean-wave,
Swallowed up and gone forever,
Buried in a boundless grave!

Ropes of sand! they cannot bind thee,
Thou art strong, and should prevail;
Mount, then, on Faith's golden pinions,
Gird thee on thy coat of mail,
Place the helmet on thy temples,
Take the sword in thy right hand,
Stand on Truth's eternal mountains,
Battling for the Holy Land;
And no earthly ills will daunt thee,
No opponent bid thee quail,
For thy God will make thee victor,
Thou art strong, and shalt prevail.

But beware, in this thy conflict
With the world, its cares and pelf,
That thy zeal does not undo thee—
Learn to conquer, first, thyself:

Then thou may'st go forth and prosper,
Nerved with power from above,
Battling for thine own salvation,
With a christian zeal and love;
And, with humble firmness, shaking
Off the griefs that bade thee mourn,
Thou shalt reach the Eternal City,
Reach thine own eternal bourne.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"Christmas, Merry Christmas!"
Cries the proud man at his board,
As he thinks upon his larder,
With the choicest dainties stored;
"Christmas, Merry Christmas!"
Grunts the gourmond by his side,
Till his sluggish soul is gladdened,
And his bosom swells with pride.

"Christmas, Merry Christmas!"
Shouts the toper o'er his glass;
"Here's a health to Merry Christmas—
Toast it quickly, ere it pass!"
"Christmas, Merry Christmas!"
Shouts his friend with drunken glee,
Though to him this Merry Christmas
Is a day of misery.

"Christmas, Merry Christmas!"
Growls the miser o'er his gold,
As he counts the glowing treasures
For which happiness was sold.
"Christmas, Merry Christmas?"
Whispers conscience in his ear,
And he thinks of happier moments,
And, perchance, he sheds a tear.

"Christmas, Merry Christmas!"
Laughs the maiden in her mirth,
As she stands beside her mirror,
The most artless one on earth.
"Christmas, Merry Christmas!"
Sings her lover, with a smile,
As he takes the kiss of welcome,
In the good old Christmas style.

"Christmas, Merry Christmas?"
Asks the beggar, as he goes
On his daily round of sorrow,
To rehearse his train of woes;
"Christmas, Merry Christmas?"
Shrewdly asks his starving wife,
As mad hunger grasps her infant,
And assails its parent's life.

Yes, "Merry, Merry Christmas!"
Shriek the suff'ring in despair,
"Merry Christmas to the Wealthy,

Strangers to both Want and Care!"
"Yes, Merry, Merry Christmas!"
Cries the Rich Man at his door,
While weak voices shriek around him:
"Merry Christmas for the Poor!"

Ye favored Sons of Affluence!
With Health and Plenty bless'd,
Think of the sick and suffering,
The needy and distressed;
Turn not back, at this glad season,
The beggar from your door,
For an open hand can ease the heart,
And your charities insure
A blessing on your works, and bring
A Merry Christmas to the Poor.

A PLEA FOR THE WOODS.

To the woods! to the woods! where the flowers are springing;
Their flight through the forest the wild birds are winging;
Come on, Child of Nature, who lovest the streams
That dance through this land of thy fanciful dreams,
Come, roam through the wildwood, fair creature! with me,
Where the Anthem of Nature is chanted for thee;
Away to the Woods! for fresh beauty we'll seek,
While the soft summer breezes lend health to thy cheek.

To the Woods! to the Woods! there is life in the breeze,
That bears on its wings the sweet balm of the trees;
There is health in the depths of the intricate wild
Of the dark, embrowned wilderness; off then, my child:
Gay Nymph of my Fancy! away, sweet! away!
Indulge in thy pastimes, and health shall repay
The toil of thy journey, though far be thy flight;
And return when thy bosom is warmed with delight.

There is health in the odor that comes from the soil
That is furrowed and ploughed by the husbandman's toil;
There is health on the mountain, and health in the vale,
Where the breeze is not laden with sorrow and wail.
The Indian, who lives as his forefathers did,
In the thick-branching woods, where his wigwam is hid,
Knows nothing of trouble, or sickness, or care,
For the forest supplies him with life-giving air.

To the Woods! to the Woods, then, nor scorn to be seen
With the Child of the Forest, whose dignified mien
Is that of a Chief, unrestricted and free
As the breezes that sweep o'er a mid-summer sea.
Away to the Woods! for the Goddess of Health
Stands inviting us thence, to partake of her wealth;
Away, then, away, where no plodding knave broods
O'er dark schemes of revenge—to the Woods! to the Woods!

LITTLE LIBBY.

Child of the sunny brow! mysteriously beautiful
Are those radiant eyes of thine, so full of hidden meanings.
From their depths of blue enigmal voices speak
In language fraught with silent eloquence and love,
That cannot be interpreted. Dost thou live in the Ideal?
Thou, so young in years that the mild dawn of infancy
Dwells yet upon thy rosy features. Dost thou dream of worlds
Where spirits like thine own—extremes of purity,
And models of young Innocence, do dwell?
Or, are thy dreams of earth? child of the thoughtful eye,
Of earth, and all the wild realities
That throng our sinning, lovely world?
Or wherefore gazest thou, as if the deep reflections
Of the happy spirits of the sunny skies
Were centred all in thee? Mysterious are those eyes,
Brimful of unspoken mystery, and lovely as the stars!
Child of serene beatitude!
Almost thou claimest our idolatry.
Child of my heart's unselfish love!
Bright type of angelic simplicity
Sent hither from above;
Earth holds nought lovelier than thee,
Child of the polished brow and laughing eye!
The glory of the Eternal rests upon thee;

Thou art spotless as heaven's azure sky,
And gentle as the dove.

Child of the thoughtful eye, the sunny, curl-kissed brow!
Fair as an evening moonbeam is the soft sweetness
Of thy angelic features—the truthful mirror that reflects
The celestial brightness of thy unerring soul,
Even as in the river's face the stars are nightly glassed.
Perfection seated on its loftiest eminence,
Where the transient beauty of this world wings not
Its daring flight, cannot compare with thee,
Or vie with the heavenly intellectuality
Of thy serene and faultlessly-moulded countenance.
Type of the truly beautiful!
Figure of the truly happy and the pure!
Fair and unsurpassable creation!
Wast thou sent hither to endure
Such trials as may furrow that calm brow,
And bedim those lustrous eyes,
That surpass all bright things? thou peerless one!

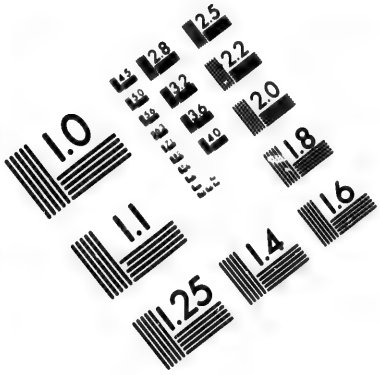
Child of the early morning! child of the sunny brow!
On which the spirit's divine immortality
Forever sits; scarce can I deem thee of this earth,
For God has given thee the likeness of an angel,
And left the unmistakable impress of a divine hand
Upon thee. Thou art softer than the holy radiance
Of the immortal stars, that love to look on thee,
Thou art so like to them in brightness, and thou seem'st
To have enticed from the planetary fields

Two of their most beautiful and lustrous ornaments.
Child of the blooming cheek! the marble brow!
Thou wast surely born to love; to learn love's various
teachings.
We admire thee when thou art rapt in wakeful
dreamings;
We watch the eloquent expression of thy mild features;
And listen to the innocent prattle of thy fairy lips.
All these bespeak thee a child of love. Love supremely
reigns
In all thy looks, and in thy magic whisperings;
A love that purifies and elevates the heart;
Thy voice is delectable music, that stirs the inmost soul.
Would that thou wert not doomed to earthly sorrows!
They are inseparable from love. They give the visions
Of the bright mind a tinge of gloom, and mar its soft
enjoyment.
Sorrow and Love, alas! go hand in hand. They are
Twin issues of the one fate—the one unrelenting destiny.

Child of the blooming cheek!
Where young Love tends the delicate rose,
Sorrow and Love may both be thine?
God keep thy gentle spirit meek,
Breathe on thee with breath divine,
And shield thee from Love's woes!

Child of the rose-tinged cheek! Child of the lily brow!
Let the selfish Atheist approach, and gaze upon thy
beauty.

Dare he deny that thou wilt live hereafter?
Dare he deny that on thy Celestial countenance
Is stamped the impress of the soul's bright immortality?
Will he not there trace the right hand of Omnipotence?
The breathings of a Divine Creator visible in every lineament?
There speaks the undying soul; there the spirit's throne is erected;
There the intent of our earthly pilgrimage may be read.
If such a proof as thou art do not impress his mind
With the full certainty of man's eternal destiny,
Let him begone from hence and herd among the brutes!
Child of the placid brow! child of the laughing lip!
Child of the eloquent, thoughtful, dreamy eye!
Child of the musing look — the look of unchildish earnestness,
Wherefore wast thou made so beautiful?
The loveliest rose must fade; the lily lose its whiteness,
And the mild eye of the blue violet must close in death!
Thy brow will yet lose its polished, alabaster beauty;
Thy cheek will blanch and wither beneath the breath of time;
Thine eye, where sits the God-like Spirit of Language,
Will become dim as the years pass o'er thee in their swiftness;
Those golden curls will whiten and lose their velvet softness;
And thy dear form is doomed to moulder in the tomb.
Alas! that beauty such as thine should come to this!



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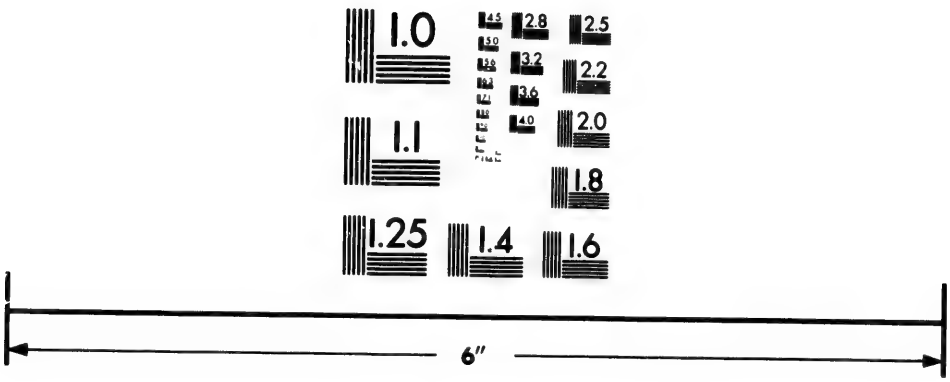

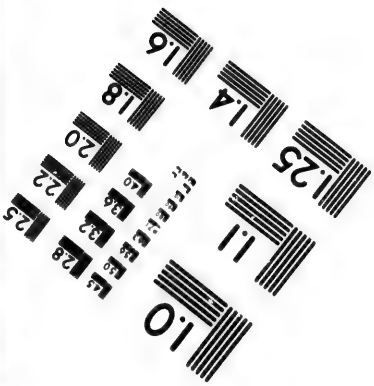

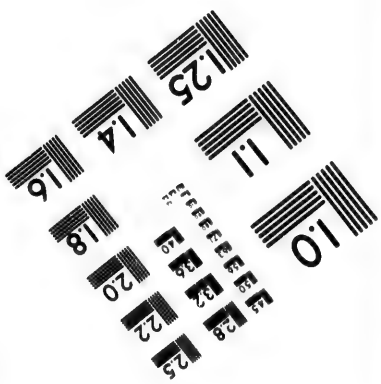

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Alas! that thy light-bounding heart, whence springs thy
merry laughter,
Should wither in that gentle bosom and grow cold—
Cold as the pale snows in the bleak church-yard,
That cover the icy bosoms of the dead.

THE YELLOW CURL.

"I send you one of little Libby's curls."—*Letter.*

To others, valueless,
To me, a most inestimable prize,
That doth possess
True loveliness.
It speaks of childish joy, and manhood's sighs.
At quiet evening, when my work is done,
I love to look upon
That Yellow Curl.

I look on it, and, lo!
My better feelings quicken at the sight,
For well I know
How soft time's stream doth flow
Around thy path, dear, gentle child, and bright,
Whose graces, though in absence, I review,
And that fair head, where grew
That Yellow Curl.

A rose-bud on a stream,
A twittering swallow first upon the wing,
A warm sunbeam:
Such, sweet one! dost thou seem,
First floweret of the early budding spring,
That, 'mongst the many joys it brings to man,
Hath nothing fairer than
That Yellow Curl.

A gift from Fairy land,
A gem from Beauty's casket, dearly prized,
A golden sand
From distant Ophir's strand;
Lovelier than Earth's perfections harmonized:
Ev'n so art thou, fair child, and such to me
Shall ever, ever be
That Yellow Curl.

A lily in the wild,
A beauteous Thought amongst a Sea of Words,
A zephyr mild:
Such seem'st thou, gifted child;
A gentle lamb chosen from many herds;
A vast idea, concentrated to
A point. Go! let me view
That Yellow Curl.

And I will hoard the gem,
Will keep the golden treasure as secure
As a rare diadem;

Blossom from a graceful stem;
I look on it, and know that thou art pure.
Thoughts crowd on thoughts, and fancies, strange and new,
Love to do homage to
That Yellow Curl.

I look on it, and all
The evil in my nature seems to die;
One glance doth call
Forth peace, and disenthrall
My pent-up fancies. Mount, my thoughts, yon sky,
And there select some graceful cherub's face,
And faultless head, to grace
That Yellow Curl.

LET THEM BOAST AS THEY WILL.

Let them boast as they will of the world's giddy pleasures,
I've tried them, and found them both wanting and vain;
And so will each Truth-seeking mortal, who measures
The good by the evil—the joy by the pain.
Let him rove through the bowers where Love stands to lure him,
Let him climb Pleasure's height till he vexes his brain,
And every step that he takes will assure him
That all gilded delights are both shallow and vain.

Let him sip from the cup where perdition is sowing
Her tares, that will poison youth's promising grain,
And while the red wine in the goblet is glowing,
He'll find that earth's pleasures are shallow and vain.
Let him mix in the waltz, where, with beauty to lure him,
He can revel in smiles till he gladdens his brain,
But the morning will dawn, both to vex and assure him
That all earthly pleasures are fleeting and vain.

Let him bow down to Fashion, an idol enslaving
The minds of her votaries, who dare not complain;
Insatiate—peevishly, sinfully craving
For pleasures, the vainest of all that are vain.
Let him feed upon dishes, whose savors allure him
To grasp at a pleasure that addles his brain,
Till nature, o'ertaxed, groans aloud, to assure him
That the pleasure at best was both hurtful and vain.

But Pleasure is useful. It teacheth the wisest
That, from joys which are sweetest 'tis well to abstain,
While he who the lowliest lessons despisest,
Will learn to his cost that earth's pleasures are vain.
Thrice happy is he, who, when false pleasures allure him,
Repels the proud tempter with christian disdain,
And calls on calm Reason, to haste and assure him
That Love, Truth, and Heaven, alone are not vain.

LIMERICK CATHEDRAL BELLS.

A remarkable and touching story is connected with the "Limerick Cathedral Bells." They were originally brought from Italy, where they had been manufactured by a young Italian, who devoted a long period of his life to the accomplishment of his darling task. He afterwards lived for many years in the vicinity of the convent for which they were purchased. Civil war at length fell like a withering blight upon the land: the convent was razed to the ground, and the bells removed. The Italian, broken hearted, and no longer young, travelled over the greater part of Europe in search of them; until at length, having sailed for Ireland, and proceeded up the Shannon, the vessel anchored off Limerick; and as the small boat, in which he was, approached the shore, from St. Mary's steeple came the cheering music of his long-lost bells. The effect was too much for him: the first peal smote him to the heart, and when they landed, he was found not only dead, but cold as marble.

—

In fair and sunny Italy, beneath its heavenly sky,
A young and stately Artisan on a mossy bank doth lie;
A light spreads o'er his features, and his darkly flashing
eye—
Is it because his lovely wife and children all are nigh?

No—no—but on his ear there falls, from a neighboring
convent tower,
The pleasant chime of vesper bells, that proclaim the
evening hour;
And every morn, and every eve, for years it was his
pride
To listen to the blending of their tones at eventide.

For they were of his handicraft—his ears first heard the
tone
That had become a part of him as those happy years had
flown;

Each note had been a joy to him, to other hearts unknown,
He would not exchange their music for the honors of a Throne.

But lo! the brand of civil war is flaming o'er the land—
He sees his treasures borne away by the marauder's hand;
And though old and silver-headed now, he leaves Italia's plain,
And deigns to tread the wide world o'er to hear their sounds again.

Upon St. Mary's turret
An old man keeps his eye,
For there his long-lost idols,
His earthly treasures lie;
The boat moves on serenely,
The happy shore is nigh,
Bathed in the softening radiance
Of a summer evening sky.

The old man sits reflecting,
Perchance on happier times,
When from the Italian convent
First pealed those silvery chimes
That on his ear, incessantly,
From youth to age did fall,
Soothing his ravished senses
With their heaven-ascending call,

For years he had not heard them,
For years he had not known—
Save in his secret memory—
Their sweetly sounding tone;
For in a foreign country,
While he had weary grown,
Strange ears drank in the melody
That once was all his own.

And now the aged wanderer
Nears the desired shore,
Fain would he clasp his treasures,
Fain hear their peals once more,
When, lo! as if to welcome him,
Each with the other vied;
He heard their silvery voices,
He heard their tones—and died!

LOVE'S GUIDING STAR.

In happier hours, Love's star was beaming
About my path by day and night,
Ev'n when my mind was wrapped in dreaming,
I felt the fervor of its light.
And when my soul was dark with sorrow,
Its brightness quenched in mental pain,
I looked with hope towards the morrow,
For I knew that star would shine again.

But now, the hours are sad and dreary,
Love from my heavenward path is flown,
And Hope is crushed, and I am weary
In living for myself alone:
No guiding star to cheer me onward,
To wing my better thoughts to God,
But dark Despair impels me downward.
I see my grave beneath the sod!

Oh! is it to be thus forever?
And must that guardian spirit's light
Illume my darkened footsteps never,
Or quicken this eternal night?
Fool that I was! to madly sever
That bright link in my being's chain—
To quench that holy light for ever!—
For I cannot hope 'twill shine again!

THE ANGEL'S GIFT.

"Maiden of the sunny soul!
Heaven build life's skies above thee,
Pure and bright
As her own light,
Faithful as the hearts that love thee!
As the stars do shine upon
Earth's pure spirits while they're sleeping,
Filled with love

From heaven above,
Angels have thee in their keeping!"

Thus a Minstrel-Poet sung,
O'er a maiden's peaceful slumbers,
She slept on,
As sleeps the dawn,
Soothed by Morning's golden numbers.
But through all his harp-strings swept
Airs, that mortal fingers never
Yet did fling
From dulcet string!—
Still the sounds came bounding ever.

Till a radiant Angel stood
With a glowing harp before him,
Hers the lyre
Whose Orphean fire
Trilled in burning numbers o'er him.
"Have thy wish," the angel said,
"Heaven approves thy pure emotion;
In thy care
I place the fair,
Guard her with thy heart's devotion."

Smiling like the blue-eyed dawn,
Waked the radiant-minded Maiden,
Blissful gleams
Had sunned her dreams,
Her blue eyes were beauty-laden.

Leaped for joy her yearning heart,
At the vision bending o'er her,
Well she knew
Her dreams were true,
Her Love's brave Knight knelt before her.

LOVE'S SIGNET RING.

I stood and watched the wild CHAUDIERE,*
Its waters to the cauldron leaping,
When in my mind awoke the fair
Whose spirit in my heart was sleeping.
"Behold!" I said, "how swift and strong
The current strikes the foaming basin!
So in my heart, for thee, love's song
Hymns its eternal diapason.

"And as yon clouds of vapor roll
Above the seething foam to heaven,
So floats love's incense up my soul,
To God, for thee, at morn and even.
The iris, blushing far below
The bosom of the bounding river,
Is Love's bright Signet Ring, a bow
Of promise in life's sky forever!"

Sweet memories of that wild Chaudiere
Within my mind are gaily leaping;

*The magnificent Falls of the Chaudiere, Bytown—now Ottawa.

And in my thrice-bless'd heart, that fair,
Belovéd spirit, still is sleeping;
And when dark clouds their shadows fling
Across life's swiftly bounding river,
I look upon Love's Signet Ring—
The Bow is there—I bless the Giver!

MARY'S TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

One of the Fourscore years, Mary,
Has passed like a dream away,
A dream of laughter and tears, Mary,
Like a showery summer's day,
With its rainbow bright,
In the warm twilight,
Fair pledge of a happier day, Mary,
God's pledge of a happier day.

Swiftly the seasons roll, Mary,
Like the waves o'er a mighty sea,
Searching the depths of the soul, Mary,
With their power and mystery.
Every hour that flies,
Tells in distant skies
The words that it heard from thee, Mary,
The deeds that are done by thee.

See that the tale be pure, Mary,
That the Hours may have to tell;

Goodness and Truth, we are sure, Mary,
Heav'n loveth exceeding well;
And the beauteous mind
Where Truth is shrined,
Glows bright as a sunny dell, Mary,
Glows bright as a sunny dell.

More of the Fourscore years, Mary,
Must pass like the first away,
Each, as its turn appears, Mary,
May not be a summer's day;
But Hope's rainbow bright,
With its smile, will light
The close of a happier day, Mary,
The dawn of Eternal Day.

LOVE'S MORNING LARK.

The Lark mounts up to greet the dawn,
Midway between the earth and sky,
The glad morn yearns and smiles upon
The bright-winged spirit, whose song fills
The pulsing air with music rills,
Glad'ning the Angels that pass by.

For never morn comes down to earth,
That is not borne on Angels' wings;
Music is of celestial birth,
And like the Lark, with voice of love,

Pure as God's light, it soars above,
When Woman from her full heart sings.

So, Maiden, thou shalt be the Lark,
And I, the long-expectant Morn;
Bring back the lost Dove to its Ark,
And let my mateless heart be bless'd,
My being in thy soul find rest,
And my new life be Music-born.

SONG—THE BANNER OF OLD ENGLAND.

SONG FOR THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY—1858.

Raise high the broad Banner!
Old England's broad banner!
That waves its Red Cross over every sea;
With hearts firm and loyal,
Cheer loud for the Royal—
The famed Royal Standard, the Flag of the Free!
And where its loved folds are triumphantly seen,
Let the rallying cry be: "GOD SAVE ENGLAND'S QUEEN!"

God prosper that Banner!
That red Saxon Banner!
'Tis England's—'tis ours; far away though we be
From that Isle of the Ocean,
Our heart's fond devotion
Is with her—with England—the Home of the Free!

That Flag makes the moments of Danger serene,
For it floats o'er the Home of VICTORIA OUR QUEEN!

Long flourish that Banner!
That proud Saxon Banner!
When Nations and Kingdoms go down to decay;
May Peace aye surround it,
As Valor has crowned it,
When foemen unnumbered were smote with dismay.
Three cheers—three times three—for the time-honored sheen
Of that Banner, the Flag of VICTORIA OUR QUEEN!

Then up with the Banner!
Our broad Red Cross Banner!
The banner renowned by both Saxon and Gael;
Brave Celts fought victorious,
On fields hot and glorious,
Beneath that broad Banner, on mountain and vale.
Let ALL gather round its loved, conquering screen,
With a true British cry for "VICTORIA OUR QUEEN!"

SONG—THE HEROES OF THE ALMA.

The Heroes of the Alma!
Right gallantly they fought!
No flinching knave,
Or craven slave,
For coward quarter sought!

But manfully, and zealously,
Each hero struck, that day,
As up the height
The arm of might
Impelled the strong array.

The heroes of the Alma!
Intrepidly they stood,
As stood of old
Their Fathers bold,
On Cressy's field of blood.
Right manfully, and zealously,
They pressed the swerving foe—
Not all his might
Could hold the height
Against so firm a blow.

The heroes of the Alma!
Exultingly they trode;
Though every breath
Was fraught with death,
Loud swelled the Battle-Ode.
Right manfully, and thrillingly,
Uprose the Victor-Psalm,
As on the height,
With arm of might,
The Allies grasped the palm.

The Heroes of the Alma!
Well may their pæans flow:

For never yet
Was tyrant met
With more decisive blow!
Right manfully, intrepidly,
Each Briton proved his might,
And every Gaul
Stood up a Saul,
Upon that groaning height.

Brave Heroes of the Alma!
Each man a Victor-God!
Your noble dead,
Who fought and bled,
Cry vengeance from the sod!
Right manfully, and zealously,
Uphold your high renown,
And heav'n will aid
Each righteous blade
To strike the Tyrant down!

THE TWOFOLD VICTORY—AN ALMA LYRIC.

By the famous Alma River
Knelt a Warrior, brave and young,
Through his veins ran Death's cold shiver,
On his lips his last breath hung;
Far above him rolled the battle,
Downward rolled to Alma's wave,
Downward, through the crash and rattle,
Came the cheering of the brave.

"Comrades," said he, rising slowly,
Kneeling on one bended knee,
"Comrades," said he, feebly, lowly,
"Is that cheer for Victory?"
"Yes!—they fly!—the foe is flying!"
"Comrades," said he, ardently,
"Cheer for me, for I am dying,
Cheer them on to Victory!"

By that blood-encrimsoned River
Cheered they with a martial pride,
Death's last shaft had left its quiver,
And the Warrior, smiling, died.
Faintly his last cheer was given,
Feebly his last breath went free,
And his spirit passed to Heaven
On the wings of Victory!

SONG OF THE BRITISH MARINER.

Launched once more on the ocean wave,
Where my careless boyhood found me;
Free to roam where the wild winds rave,
And the billows roll, around me.
Oh! there's joy on my restless home,—
Joy for the daring seamen!
Though landsmen shrink
When on danger's brink,

Not the rocky shore,
Nor the breakers' roar,
Can daunt old Ocean's Freemen.

Hearts as free as the winds that sweep
The breast of the trackless ocean,
Have the sons of the mighty deep,
When the gallant ship's in motion.
Toss'd on waves that roll mountains high,
What cares the dauntless seaman?
His heart beats warm,
Both in calm and storm,
For there's not a breeze
That sweeps the seas,
Can daunt old Ocean's Freemen!

Long as the Red-Cross Banner flies
High over the heaving billow,
Will the tar tempt the fiercest skies
That frown on his restless pillow.
Long as Old England's Ensign waves
Over her dauntless seamen,
Not the midnight breeze
That sweeps the seas,
Nor the hostile shore,
Nor the battle's roar,
Can daunt her Ocean Freemen!

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

It is not like the Spring-time, bright
With budding leaves and opening flowers,
But there's a glory in its light,
Softer than that which falls by night
On lovers' bowers.
There is a mellow tint on every tree,
And nature's breath is sweet, and all is harmony.

It is not like the Summer time,
Enlivened by a brilliant sun,
It savors of a purer clime
Than Summer, in its earliest prime,
E'er smiled upon.
There is a light serene on everything,
Half veiled, and blushing, like a Bride in Spring.

Thou com'st in Autumn, when the trees
Have doff'd their florid livery,
Ere Winter sweeps, with blighting breeze,
And fetters strong, to bind the seas—
All hail to thee!
To thee, whose subtle charms no pen can trace,
To whom the artist's skill imparts no flattering grace.

THE BETRAYAL.

Into the bower young Osmond came,
Into the bower where Annie was sleeping;
Softly he whispers the maiden's name,
She awakes—her eyes are moist with weeping.
Wherefore doth Annie sigh?
What cruel pangs doth move her?
Wherefore that tearful eye?
Osmond—does he not love her?
Annie is poor and fair,
No paltry gems array her,
But she deigns to love the princely heir,
Though he comes but to betray her.

There is a magic in woman's tears,
Each glittering drop a charm possesses,
And Osmond trembles with guilty fears,
As the charming girl to his breast he presses.
Wherefore doth Annie smile?
What sudden change doth move her?
How woman's tears beguile!—
Young Osmond swears to love her!
Annie is young and fair,
Rich gems will soon array her,
She will shortly wed the princely heir,
Whose young heart would not betray her.

There is a Bridal at Osmond Hall,
And beautiful forms the revels are keeping,

But Annie has wandered apart from all,
The Maid of the Bower again is weeping!
Why weeps the fair-one now?
What hasty pledge is broken?
Does she repent the vow—
The solemn vow—just spoken?
No—'tis dear woman's plan,
Let joy or grief waylay her,
If she miss, or catch, some simple man,
Her tears will at once betray her!

THE IMPATIENT LOVER.

Haste hither, my love, the river
Is tinged with the pale moonlight,
The leaves of the dark trees quiver,
And throb in the parting night.
Why linger, my love, why linger?
Swift fly the hours away,
And soon will Aurora's finger
Point to the dawning day.

The Spirit of Morn doth hover
Above the horizon dark,
'T is time that both Maid and Lover
Were safe in their waiting bark;
Then hasten to meet me, dearest,
Why does my true-love stay?

Oh! haste, and your loved-one nearest,
We'll leave ere the dawn of day.

As the Spring-time awaits the Summer,
With longing I wait for thee;
All graceful the gay new comer
Trips smilingly o'er the lea;
As Summer the Spring embraces,
So chide I thy long delay;
Now we'll leave ere Aurora chases
The mists from the waking day.

THE GRAPE.

The Grape! the Grape! the lovely Grape!
'T is the staff of the idiot brave;
It supports them where
The grim fiend Despair
Beckons on to an early grave.
Then, a joy to the Grape!—the lovely Grape!
The staff of the truly brave;
For its juice hath wrought
What the brave have bought—
A right to the Drunkard's Grave.

The Grape! the Grape! the luscious Grape!
How it glows in the sparkling bowl!
How the ruby wine
From the tempting vine

Doth gladden the Drunkard's soul!
But a curse on the Grape! the luscious Grape,
As it glows in the treacherous bowl;
For a scorpion lurks
In its juice, and works
The Doom of the Drunkard's Soul.

A THOUSAND FACES.

A thousand faces, and not one like hers.
I looked upon them all. I looked, and felt
That every feature had its worshippers.
But there were none to whom my heart had knelt,
To offer its devotion; none were there
That made me tremble, as the idol stirs
The feelings of its devotee; no eyes
With their dark beauty, to inflame the soul,
And make it risk its portion in the skies,
One welcome look of their soft light to share.
Oh! if the ransomed spirits, from their goal
In Paradise, did yearn to visit earth,
Enslaved by loveliest maids of mortal birth;
If woman's eyes seduced them down from heaven,
Surely weak, erring man, may sometimes dare
To worship too, and hope to be forgiven!

THE PAST.

Erase it from my memory! for, lo!
As I look backward on the devious track,
Unhappy images are seen to pass,
Like the wild shapes in a Magician's glass.
Making the brain grow dizzy as they go
And come again, as if employed to rack
The human mind, and cause the tears to flow
From Life's own fountain. Yes, erase the Past!—
But, no!—not all—for some green spots are there;
Small, twinkling stars, out-peering through the gloom;
Warm gleams of sunlight, which do sometimes cast
Their mellow tints within. These will entomb
Each sullen shadow in its secret lair,
And Hope may make the future prospect fair.

Yea; let them rest! I would not banish one
Stern recollection from its chosen cell.
Thick clouds may for a moment hide the sun,
But lessen not his glory; even so,
We hold within us what of dark and bright
By our own wills have been implanted there.
And we can purge from the mind's crucible
The scum of Error that excludes the light
Of Truth. Experience teacheth us to know
That light and darkness—moral day and night—
Are incident to mortals here below.
Yes; let me rather muse on errors past,
The silent monitors that bring us peace at last.

IMAGINATION.

Off through the world with the lightning's velocity,
  Darting through space with electrical speed,
Loosed are the reins of thy impetuosity,
  Roam where thou wilt, then, my beautiful steed.
Fleeter art thou than the fairest of Araby's
  High-mettled, swift-footed steeds of the plain,
Perfect as theirs is thy beautiful symmetry,
  Petulant, fanciful steed of my brain.
Regions more wild than the sun ever shone upon,
  Cycles and worlds of unbounded delight,
Andes of Thought, towering grandly-majestical,
  Reaching to heaven's indefinite height;
Swiftly ascending some Alpine acclivity,
  Plunging, unscathed, to the abyss below,
Thence to the fields where the sword of the conqueror
  Reddens the soil with the blood of the foe;
Mounting again on the breath of the hurricane,
  Upward and onward, through tempest and storm;
Thus, wheresoever abideth sublimity,
  There shalt thou wander, thou beautiful form.

Maid of my soul! though my thoughts were Ubiquitous,
  Ranging unshackled through earth, air and sea,
Fancy were swayed in its wildest imaginings,
  Evermore, evermore turning to THEE.

Breasting the ocean, high-heaving, tempestuous,
  Down through its deepest and costliest cell,

Where the fair Nymphs in their crystalline palaces,
Where the bright Naiads harmoniously dwell.
Threading, unseen, its dark caves subterranean,
Glowing with coral, and gleaming with gems,
Forests of sea-weed, and groves, where the emerald
Lieth half hidden beneath the green stems.
Upward and off on some billowy mountain-top,
Heavenward borne where the thunderstorm sings,
Tracking the lightning, and finding its dwelling-place
Cradled to sleep on the proud eagle's wings.
Awed by the psalm of some deep-toned Niagara,
Scorched by the flashes from Etna's red flame,
Rising again in thy flight subitaneous,
Shouting aloud an ecstatic acclaim:
Thus my fond steed, with the lightning's velocity,
Dart'st thou through space like the beam of a star,
Loosed are the reins of thy impetuosity,
Roam where thou wilt, with thy glittering car.

Maid of my soul! though my thoughts were Ubiquitous,
Ranging forever unshackled and free,
Still would they turn in their highest imaginings,
Hurrying evermore downward to THEE.

Circling the Night, when Darkness is hovering
Over the world, like a spirit astray,
Thy presence illumines each dark-seeming labyrinth,
Shedding around it perpetual Day.
Making one moment a glowing millennium,

Brimming with pleasures untasted and pure,
Crowding millenniums into moments of ecstacy,
Brief as the lightning's flash over the moor.
Upwards, through worlds that no mortal e'er looked upon,
Upwards, all gracefully, speedily on;
Up through the stars with thy wondrous celerity,
Travelling restlessly up to the sun.
Sweeping across the deep void of the universe,
The ether thy robe, and a star for thy bark,
Backward to earth, to thy dwelling mysterious,
Gently, but swift, like the dove to its ark.

Maid of my soul! though my thoughts were Ubiquitous,
Swift as the thunderbolt, deep as the sea,
Fancy were reined in its boldest imaginings,
Tremblingly, joyfully hast'ning to THEE.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.

Gently wanders he
Where no human foot intrudes,
Joyously,
Fancy-free,
The Spirit of the Woods.
Singing through the trees,
Playing with the breeze,
Laughing at the seas
As they roll,

With sullen roar,
To the shore,
Rushing evermore
To their goal.

Softly wanders he
Where no human foot intrudes,
More fancy-free
Than the sea,
The Spirit of the Woods.
Up and down the hill,
By the leaping rill,
On towards the mill
In the vale;
Upwards through the sky,
Where he seems to die,
Breathing forth a sigh
To the gale.

Quietly wanders he,
Through the deep solitudes;
Who so free
There, as he,
The Spirit of the Woods?
By the silent bower,
When the heavens lour,
Nestling in the flower,
Snug and warm;
Darting out again

O'er the grassy plain,
With the merry rain
Through the storm.

Daringly wanders he
Where no human foot intrudes,
Recklessly,
Laughingly,
The Spirit of the Woods.
Up the snowy steep,
To the topmost heap,
As the bleak winds sweep
Down its sides;
From the rocky height,
Through the stormy night,
Laughing with delight,
Back he glides.

Recklessly wanders he
Where no human foot intrudes,
Dauntlessly,
Fancy-free,
The Spirit of the Woods.
In the zephyr mild,
Watching o'er the child,
Lost in the wild,
Lest it fear;
In the lion's den,
In the marsh with the wren,

Through the dismal fen
With the deer.

Thus wanders he, eternally,
Where no human foot intrudes,
Playfully,
Fancy-free,
The Spirit of the Woods.
Rambling everywhere,
Through the woodland air,
Distancing dull care,
As he flies:
Like him, eternally,
Pure thoughts wander free,
Over earth and sea,
To the skies.

LOVE'S NEW ERA.

There's a wild joy within my heart,
Hope's sunlight warms my brain,
And my thirsty soul drinks Gladness in,
As the earth drinks summer rain;
Flushed Health is leaping through my veins,
My blood is all aglow,
Each pulse has a loud and a stately beat,
And my thoughts are like the snow.

For Woman's Voice of Love hath burst
Like a meteor on my way,

And I live in smiles, like the Sun's bright Isles,
That bask in Eternal Day.
Life never came to me till now,
But pass'd like a restless dream,
Where Love for evermore wandered by,
Like a rose upon a stream.

FAITH.

Faith is the Christian's Pisgah. Here he stands
Enthroned above the world; and with the eye
Of full Belief looks through the smiling sky
Into the Future, where the Sacred Lands
Of Promise, though extending ev'n beyond
His half-ubiquitous vision, are brought nigh,
And he beholds their beauty. Faith is strong;
It is the giant arm that puts aside
The mountain-tops of Error. 'Tis the bond
Indissoluble, that unites man to
His God; the trusty, Omnipresent Guide
That wings him with electric speed along
The intervening space that screens the view
Of that high heaven where the Sons of Faith abide.

FROM QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

Eleven. Welcome to the Sabbath bells!
A blessing and a welcome! At this hour
One prays for me at home, two hundred miles
From where I lounge along the grassy knoll,
Far up upon this classic hill. The air
Hath a delicious feeling, as it breathes
Its autumn breath upon me; air so calm,
One cannot feel the beat of Nature's pulse.
No, not a throb. The heav'nly influences,
Hearing that maiden's prayer, lean down and move
My being with their answerings of love.
The myriad-tinted leaves have gravely paused
To listen to the spheral whisperings—
The unvoiced harmonies that few can hear
Or feel, much less interpret faithfully;
And the swift waters of the dizzy gorge,
Stunned with their recent plunge against the crags
That hide Niagara's iris-circled feet,
And lashed to very madness as they wound
Their circling way past rocks and fretted banks,
Melt into calm in the blue lake beyond,
As starlight melts into the distant sea.

Those ancient willows have a solemn droop;
You scarce can see the dwelling they adorn:
Behind them rest the grain-denuded fields.
Here, to my left, an unpretending town;

There, to my right, another; like two friends,
Each thanking heaven for the Sabbath-pause,
And the brief respite from man's curse of toil.
The church bells pealing now and then a note,
Swell the bless'd Pæan with their silver tongues.
The very tombstones yonder, near the church,
Look whiter for the eloquent Repose.

A few short paces through the cedar trees,
Where the pert chipmunks chatter, and the birds
Select and melodize their sweetest notes,
And I have gained the level. Toward the lake,
The cloudlike points of land are seen
Blending with old Ontario, and the gorge
Hurries its whirling current past the banks
That glass their fair proportions in the stream.

Here is the Monument. Immortal Brock,
Whose ashes lie beneath it, not more still
Than is the plain to-day. What have we gained,
But a mere breath of fame, for all the blood
That flowed profusely on this stirring field?
'T is true, a Victory; through which we still
Fling forth the meteor banner to the breeze,
And have a blood-sealed claim upon the soil.
'Twere better than Defeat, a thousand times.
And we have rightly learned to bless the name
Of the Old Land, whose courage won the day—
We, the descendants of her Victor-sires.
But dearer than a hundred victories,

With their swift agony, the earnest Calm,
That, like a Blessing from the lips of God,
Rests on the classic plain, o'er which my feet
Tread lightly, in remembrance of the dead—
My Brothers all, Vanquished and Victors both.
And yet my heart leaps up, poor human heart!
As I lean proudly, with a human pride,
Against this pillar to a great man's name.
Yet I would rather earn that maiden's prayer,
Than all the fame of the immortal dead.

There may be furrows still upon the field,
Ploughed up with the wild hurricane of war
On that eventful day. Here, certainly,
An angry missile grooved this honored rock.
Though nearly half a century has pass'd,
The fissure still is here, and here the rust
Left by the iron messenger of death,
As it sped forward like an angry fate,
Sending, perhaps, ten human souls to hell.

There, there was pain. Here, where the wondrous skill
Of the mechanic, with this iron web
Has spanned the chasm, the pulse beats hopefully,
And thoughts of peace sit dove-like in the mind.
Heav'n bridge these people's hearts, and make them one!

FANNY.

Silence knelt praying in the room,
And timid forms on tiptoe walked,
And timorous voices lowly talked,
Like whisperings passing through the gloom.
The world was lulled to sleep;
The stars looked down upon the deep,
Gravely and chill; and the flesh did creep;
The cold winds bleached the tint from off the rose.

Life's taper burned into the dust,
Pale-flickering for a solemn while,
Life's Angel, pausing with a smile,
Re-lit it with Eternal Trust!
Warm hearts were filled with pain;
Like flowers drenched by a wintry rain,
Though they hear not the bleak winds complain,
The wretched weight strikes deeper than the blast.

Grief robbed each feature of its glow,
The weary watchers watched no more,
For death stood sentinel at the door,
And filled each entering heart with woe.
The corse is white and cold,
Like winter on the frozen wold;
The grievers gaze with a grief untold,
But with a certain hope that ends in heaven.

The dismal coffin and the shroud!
The mourners with their half-sealed lips!

A little while, and death's eclipse
Will vanish from that silent crowd.
Remembrance wakes and weeps
In a few hearts; life's action sweeps
Over the many, whose unstirred deeps
Harbor that human thing—Indifference.

Along the straight and dusty road,
And through the shadowy grove of pines,
The long procession moves and twines;
And down into her dim abode
The Mother and the Wife
Is lowered, gently as her life
Was gentle, ever through the strife
Of the harsh world, a patient-minded soul.

How like a curse it seems, to see
The summer flowers bloom and die;
How like a tenfold curse, to sigh
When death removes triumphantly
A human form from earth!
In kindness is the arm stretched forth,
What seemeth Death is a Victor-Birth,
The unsealing of God's hidden mysteries.

LAMENT OF SHINGWAKONCE.

In the year 1849 some difficulty occurred between the Provincial Government, and the Indians on Lake Superior, in consequence of the sale of the lands in that region, to a certain Mining Company, by which the Indians were most unfairly dealt with, and almost driven from the occupation of lands to which they had the strongest possible claim. The chiefs of the Chippewas, headed by Shingwakonce, despatched a very strong remonstrance to the Government, in view of which these lines were written. They do not, however, contain a particle of the address, but grew out of the occasion, as it were.

I.

Where are the Hunting Grounds,
  O'er which we chased
The wild deer and buffalo?
  All laid waste!
By the White Man made desolate,
  Where shall we go
To hunt down the bison,
  Or the wild roe?
Away from the sacred mounds,
  To the far west,
From the graves of our fathers,
  We travel, oppress'd.
Back, back to the desert,
  Where the Pale Face has never
Set the print of his footsteps:
  Thus shall it be ever!

II.

Far from the tangled brakes,
Far from the sunny lakes,

Where the Red Man's rifle wakes
  The wild bird at morn;
Far from our chosen home,
Friendless, unfed, we roam,
  Hungered—forlorn!
  Far from the lands
Which the Great Spirit gave us,
  Driven by hands
That should stretch out to save us;
Far from our Wigwams rude,
To the deep solitude
Of the untrodden wood,
  Evermore driven!
  Hear it Oh! Heaven!
  Witness, ye Sun,
  That lights us at noon,
  And thou, restless Moon;
Ye witnesses all
  Of the Great Unseen Spirit,
When shall the Red Man
  His lost rights inherit?
Shall he be driven thus,
  Backward, forever?
  Never—Oh! never!

III.

Why, then, do we suffer
  The wrongs that surround us?
Why this barefaced injustice

Submit to for aye?
Why? Because we believed them,
When they promised to own us
For Friends and for Brothers—
For such they have found us
In battle and fray.
But, alas! for the day
When we kindly received them!
Alas! for the day
When our weapons retrieved them
From destruction and danger;
From threatening foes,
Who harassed their ranks,
Till the Red Man arose!
A curse on the day!
If this be their boasted
Support and protection:
To suffer marauding bands
To hold in subjection
Our hard-fought-for lands—
Bands of Long Knives, who never
Befriended, or served us,
But who would have scattered,
Destroyed us—unnerved us,
At once and forever!

IV.

Oh! for the time, when we
Could dot the stormy sea

With our birchen fleet!
Then we were strong and proud,
With a nation's strength endowed;
Then we roved the prairie vast,
Thinking it would ever last;
Then we were united all,
Mustering at the Great Chief's call:
Then we had the feet
Of the bounding antelope,
Full of buoyant life and hope;
Then we were determined,
As brave men should be;
As the oaks we stood firmly,
As the winds we were free;
We had food in abundance,
And fish from the sea;
We warred not for others,
Of woes, we had none,
And we rested securely
When our hunting was done.

V.

But the Pale Faces saw us,
They envied the lot
Of the Sons of the Forest,
Who doubted them not;
They came with professions
Of kindness and love,
And the Red Men believed

They were sent from above;
They came to despoil us
Of every right
Which we long had enjoyed,
Came, disputing our might;
They came to divide us,
They sought to enslave
A race, that, when injured,
Could learn to be brave!
We fought—we were victors,
But more Pale Faces came,
And murdered our Nations
With thunder and flame;
We fought—we were scattered
Abroad through the land,
To seek a new shelter
On some distant strand.

VI.

More Pale Faces came,
From a far-foreign isle,
They came not to waste us,
Came not to revile;
But by their broad banner,
The Red Cross they bore,
They vowed to protect us—
What could they do more?
Their battles we fought,
When the Long Knives oppress'd them,

Their battles we won,
When the Great Spirit bless'd them;
Our rights they respected,
As brothers we shared
The bountiful country,
With faith unimpaired.
For this we have loved them,
For this we have stood
Battling danger and death,
Both by land and by flood;
For this, when the terrible
War-cry uprose,
Did we bare our breasts
To the stroke of their foes!

VII.

And shall they who have owned us
For brothers so long—
Shall they break their promise?
Shall they do us wrong?
No! by that sacred Banner
We looked on of yore,
When our friendly White Brothers
First stood on our shore;
By the faith we then pledged,
By their prowess and might!
We know they are willing
To serve us aright.
Why, then, do they barter

Our rich lands away
To the Long Knives, who hate us,
As thieves hate the day?
Why suffer us backward
By our foes to be driven?
The wrong calls for mercy,
For justice from heaven!

VIII.

Rise, then, my Red Brothers!
Speak aloud for your own,
For the Right has a voice,
Like the thunder's loud tone;
Rise, not in deep anger,
But firmly demand
That your White Brothers purchase
Their right to our land:
Then, though we must wander
Through forests unknown,
'T were better than famish
On lands not our own.
Rise! Sons of Tecumseh!
Ojibwas, arise!
Let the voice of the Mohawks
Ascend to the skies!
Rise! tell our Great Father
The wrongs we sustain,
And He, who loves Justice,
Will heal them again.

IX.

Where are our mighty Chiefs,
Whose deeds of war
Spread from this fertile land
To climes afar?
Where are our stalwart sons,
Our nations strong,
Who in our memories live,
And in the White Man's song?
Spread like the autumn leaves
Before the blast
Of the cold winds of winter—
Their day has pass'd!
Behold! how few survive
Of that countless host
Of brave and stern-faced warriors
We once could boast!
Some perished by the White Man's hand,
In mortal strife,
When the war whoop rose and fell
With each chieftain's life!
Others, in peace were borne
To the blest Hunting Grounds,
Whese the Red Men's spirits live,
Where the war-cry never sounds.

X.

Come, then, my brothers few,
Let us depart,

Though we leave the wilds we love,
With a heavy heart.
There are lands where the White Man's feet
May never press,
Where the wild fowl still abound—
In the deep wilderness;
There are rivers wide,
Where the birch canoe,
As of old, can glide
O'er the waters blue;
There are forests deep,
Where the deer are found,
There are lands untrod—
These are Freedom's ground,
Where we can live, till the Great Spirit calls
The last of our tribes away,
To hunt from day to day,
From year to happier year,
In the blest Hunting Grounds
Which the Red Men revere;
There to live evermore,
Where death shall not sever
The loved from the loving,
Through ages, whose vistas
Stretch onward forever,
Where the White Man's unholy oppression shall cease,
And strife be unknown in those regions of Peace.

ABSENCE.

Oh! this continued absence from thy side!—
When will it cease? When will this lonely heart
Know thy companionship? When will thy breast
Pillow this aching head, and set at rest
The crowds of tantalizing fantasies
That throng my brain? Stern edict! to divide
The worshipper from his idol, or to part
The olive and the vine in their embrace!
Ev'n as the heavens are mirrored in the seas,
So in my mind reflected is thy face:
I look into its depths, and there I trace
Thy image unmistakably impressed—
Love's true daguerreotype. But even there
Thou art not—yet thou art—I joy, and I despair.

FESTUS.

Not strictly orthodox; but brimming full
Of the divinest meanings—good intents.
Thoughts flash like starbeams through it, which if sown
In man's concentral heart, will overrule
The earthliness of his nature; make him one
With God and Heaven; and the elements
Of his degenerate manhood purify;
As gold by fire, or sin by God's free-will.
Read, mark and learn. Extract herefrom the pearls,

And leave the dross untouched. Up through Infinity,
And down through Hell, alike, behold the skill
Of the bright mind that planned the genial tale.
With him visit the infinitude of worlds,
Like him, in all thy acts let Love and Truth prevail.

SONNET.

Dark-eyed one! when I first beheld thy face,
My soul was gladdened. Many years I'd sought
A living semblance to the bright Ideal
Imagination drew. It was not all unreal,
That pleasing dream, nor was it all a vision;
For looking on thee now, my mind can trace
A faultless likeness 'tween that form and thee.
In my prophetic dreamings I had caught
The true impression. Angelo or Titian
Could not have wrought a happier imagery;
And less enduring—Theirs will end with Time;
But mine—what human skill! what art sublime!
Will live forever! theirs will cease to be,
While mine, in thee, will live to all eternity.

HOPE.

A gentle messenger is Hope; a trusty friend,
That finds in every breast a welcome home.
Room for the Angel! let her radiant wings
Surround me evermore. The syren flings
Her magic mantle o'er me, and I roam
Through sunny realms that seemeth without end.
Onward and upward on Hope's rosy pinions
My thoughts are borne. What visions can transcend
The wondrous view of these her fair dominions,
Extending everywhere! Above—below,
Where'er she smiles, the landscape wears a glow
Of calm serenity. Her skill doth blend
Heaven's hues with those of earth. Weak and undone
Were man, without this gift of the Eternal One.

THE TRIO.

It was a summer's eve, on which I first
Beheld thee. As I looked into thine eyes,
And saw them flashing with the consciousness
Of their attractive power, the Love God
Spread his wings o'er me. From that hour I nursed
A pleasing form that to my bosom flew,
Seeking admittance. Not till then I knew
That Love and Hope were friends. Could I despise
The teachings of the rosy twain? Not less
Welcome was Love's companion than himself.

How kind was Hope! But Love—deceitful elf!
Called Sorrow in, who with his heavy rod
Chastised me. There the three remain:
Hope soothes when Love or Sorrow brings me pain.

THE ONE IDEA.

Oh! how it burns the brain, and tramples down
All other thoughts that struggle to be freed
From their imprisonment, driving them back
With its stern mandate, or its sterner frown;
And ruling from its heaven-exalted throne
The meaner serfs that form the motley herd!
In vain do they attempt to intercede—
Presuming slaves, that cross their monarch's track—
Death to them all! The menial tribes have stirred
The anger of their king. Degenerate pack!
Cringe—kneel—before this giant of the mind,
This reigning thought, which liveth there enshrined!
Thoughts that did once at my mere bidding move,
Are now the vassals of the tyrant—Love!

UNCURBED PASSION.

A human Niagara, plunging from the height
Of vain presumption to the sea of wrath
Below. An Alpine avalanche, in its might,
Strewing the giddy traveller's upward path
With devastation; whirling him adown
Into the steep abyss. The unchained bolt
Of sin's dread electricity. The revolt
Of judgment. Agent of the arch-traitor's frown.
The midnight tempest on a stormy sea.
Reason's eclipse. The Mephistophiles
That points the murderer's weapon: Like to these,
And in its headlong fury ever thus,
Is Passion unrestrained: The simoom's breath—
The entrance to the whirlpool, and to death.

PEACE.

The Plague of War is stayed.
God's brightest Angel has stretched forth his hand,
And like a blessed light, from land to land
Glides Peace, the mild-eyed maid.

From th' sunny realm of France,
To England, chosen Mistress of the Sea,
O'er Russia's Northern Steppes, she moves, to free
War's satyrs from their dance.

With voices jubilant,
And trembling lips, that burn with earnest prayer.
A million whispers, rising through the air,
Storm heaven with a chant

Of joy and thankfulness.
And human life is sacred, now, once more:
The fame of Inkerman, of Alma's shore,
Of Balaklava's wild excess,

Sufficeth us at last.
War with its brazen tongue! Peace with its smile!
Peace shedding halos over Briton's isle,
War slumbering with the past.

How long?—a single breath
May rouse the monster from his lair to-morrow,
And he allied with us in joy and sorrow,
Strew England's shores with death.

"In peace prepare for war."—
Time-honored maxim of an honored chief;
The gallic eagle's slumbers may be brief;
Let England's hearths beware.

BERTRAM AND LORENZO.

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

BERTRAM AND LORENZO.

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

SCENE I.

A picturesque Valley. A range of Mountains in the back-ground. Cascade, falling into a waveless Lake at the base of the Cliff. Time, Evening.

BERTRAM.

This is a lonely place.

LORENZO.

Call it not lonely;
Say, rather, that the God of Nature hath
Peopled these wilds with spiritual forms,
With which the man of an exalted mind
Can hold sweet converse in his studious hours.
Survey these hills! mark the immensity,
The wild sublimity, of those high mountains,
That with their purple summits pierce the skies,
Ev'n to the heavens above them, till they seem
Divested of their earthly coloring,
And clothed with an ethereal loveliness,
Soft as the drapery of the twilight robe
Thrown o'er the shoulders of voluptuous eve.
Behold the cataract, panting with alarm,
Leaping with frantic bound from rock to rock,
As leaps the lama o'er Peruvian hills,

When at its heels the mountain-hunter comes,
His quiver filled with death. Struggling with fate,
The tortured waters pause upon the verge
Of yonder rock, then spring into the gulf,
Rejoicing at the bound, as, all adorned
With gold-bedrizzled locks, the stricken flood
Shakes its white mane, and speeds adown the stream,
Like to an expert swimmer, hale and young,
Stunning the billows with his manly limbs.
See how the Iris blushes at its feet,
Enveloped in the white arms of the spray,
Through which, ghost-like, its delicate pulse is seen
To throb responsive to the heaving breast
Of the pale vapour spirit, in whose arms
It lies, all blushes, like a timid maid
Enfolded in her lover's chaste embrace.
The trees that nod upon the piney height;
The humble shrubbery that men pass by
Unnoticed; the soft moss that grows upon
The flinty granite; the pale, meek-eyed flower,
Half hidden by the rank, luxuriant weeds,
Like full-blown Innocence in a world of Sin;
The unformed buds; the golden-veinéd leaves
That strew the brown soil of the autumn woods;
The birds that nestle closely in the grass,
Or chirrup forth a note for every beat
Of their impulsive, overflowing hearts;
Do each and all possess a powerful claim
Upon the sober mind.

BERTRAM.

Give me the town,
Old man; its gay delights are more to me
Than all the paltry beauties of this place,
Which thou so much admirest. I would die
If I were banished to a place like this,
So lonely that my very nature shrinks
Within me at the thought of being here.
For thee, it may have charms enough to please
A spirit like to thine, bowed down with age;
To me, the prospect is most terrible;
'Tis lonely as a world without one's fellows
Can be.

LORENZO.

Young man, thou dost not know the peace
That falls upon the spirit in these wilds,
Like gentle dew upon the parchéd leaf.
Learn to aspire to God; clutch at the stars;
Give thy ambition wings; from world to world
Mount bravely upwards, until, like the lark,
Thou disappearest in the infinity
That ends in heaven. Make the stars thy friends
Soar to their brilliant homes on wings of thought.
Or mould them to thy will upon the earth,
By careful study; like the falcon, mount,
And strike the quarry in the circling air,
Though it quadruple thee in magnitude.
Then wilt thou feel the noble aspirations
Which I am yearning for; then wilt thou pause.

Ere thy sense give permission to thy tongue
To say—this place is lonely. None dread more
Than I the thought of utter loneliness;
It is a treacherous cankerworm that feeds
Upon the flowery garden of the mind,
And leaves it seared and blighted; has its home
In the dark cell of the lean anchorite,
Who for some crime would torture his poor body
To purge his soul. But to be lonely here,
Where every breeze that passeth by interprets
God's everlasting, all-pervading truths
Unto our inmost souls; where we can feast
Our hungry mind's eye on the rich repast
Which the wild wilderness contains; is to
Be blind—insensible—to all the beauty
Which nature hath in vast profusion strewn,
With an unsparing hand, about our path.
Give me the place where I can hold communion
With Nature and with Nature's God; where I
Can analyze the secrets of my mind,
And pluck therefrom the rank, luxuriant weeds,
Which from my birth have been implanted there,
And sow some healthy seedlings in their stead,
From which will spring a ripe ambrosial fruit
That angels might partake of.

BERTRAM.

Singular mortal!
Why! I would rather tread the pleasing halls
Where such light-hearted fellows as myself

Had learned to kill the pleasure-wingéd hours
With dance and song, than listen to the ravings
Of an enthusiast. I'd rather be
A playful kid—a kitten—a young widow,
Be anything that trips it joyously
Over the many ups and downs of life,
Than an ascetic mortal like to thee.

LORENZO.

Yet all of these which thou hast named, are prone
To aspire to certain ends: The kid will climb
The steepest rocks, and 'mid the grandest scenes
Of nature live, forgetful of its fellows;
The kitten, sporting by its mother's side,
Will [illegible] her to ascend the tottering pole,
While tabby purs below, and gravely scans
Th' ambitious feats of her young progeny;
The gay young widow wears a pleasing face,
And aims at winning a becoming mate,
To ease her poignant sorrow. But for thee,
Thou dost aspire to nothing! hast no aim,
But that of being pleased with endless dances—
The ball room is the goal of thy ambition!
This is trifling too much with thy existence.
In early youth I shared in all the joys
Which thou hast named, but took no real pleasure
In them. Ever before my eyes there stood
The ladder of my thoughts, where angels came
And went, like the Aurora in the North,
And by whose aid I had resolved to climb

To something greater than I yet had been,
And step by step to struggle to the top,
Or tumble headlong from the wild ascent.
I'd many lofty thoughts, but one there was,
Like snow-crowned Jura 'mongst his subject Alps,
Catching the sun's first rays; the moon and stars
Sent down their silver-pluméd messengers,
Whose smiles did keep it in perpetual light,
While all else lay in twilight: one great thought,
A kingly oak within a field of shrubs.
If thou wouldst be a Teacher, school thyself;
The Mind of Man is as a crucible
Which the Great Giver fills with golden Thought,
Tis Human Nature which supplies the dross;
But the same nature with that aid divine
Which all must seek who would live nigh to God,
Is a most subtle Alchymist, whose skill
Turns Error's dross to Truth's refinéd gold.
Seek Truth in time. The well is deep, my friend.
See that she pass thee not upon the way.
Man never sought for Truth and found her not.
The diver may not seize the largest pearl
At the first dip, nor yet in many years,
But every hair of his devoted head
Flings back a pearl into the deep again,
As full of beauty as the one he sought,
While he, all resolute, re-seeks the gem.
In searching for the one great Truth, beware
Lest thou reject the lesser truths which heaven

Profusely scatters in thy daily path.
I'd rather mould one burning Star of Thought,
Whose light would centre in some darkened mind,
Make some lone heart a peopled universe,
Lit by the smile of God's immeasured love,
Than sway the sceptres of an hundred thrones,
Or boast the wealth of Crœsus ten times told.

BERTRAM.

Old man! Your words, like sparks from stubborn flint,
Descend in brilliant showers on my brain,
Which like the earnest tinder cannot fail
To catch therefrom some gleams of inspiration,
Almost unwillingly. Already do
I wander in my purpose, to begone
To the ephemeral sports that make my life
One round of giddy pleasure. Did I stay,
I might forget the utter loneliness
Of the place, while confounded by thy speech;
I must away at once.

LORENZO.

Not yet awhile.
I've a surprise in store for thee, if thou
Canst bear it. I would fain convince thee, friend,
That God sits throned upon these lofty wilds,
And prove to thy half-unbelieving mind
That the still voice of august nature speaks
Audibly and incessantly to man.
Let's to the mountains.

BERTRAM.

Well; to please thee, yes.
Age has its whims, which youth must knuckle to,
Or bide by the displeasure of its seniors.

SCENE II.

Midway up a rugged Mountain. Pathway rough and wearisome.

BERTRAM.

Old man, I'm tired! How can you foot it so
Over these rough and dangerous crags? my life
Upon it, I'll not be so easily caught
Another time.

LORENZO.

Rebellious boy! dost think
The things that are worth seeking for
Can be procured without a little trouble?—
An extra thought, perchance—a step or two.
And yet, the worldly man, in peevish plight,
Frets, if the attainment of most perfect bliss
Would lead him off the paltry jig-jog path
Of every-day life. Dost thou hope for heaven?

BERTRAM.

Yes. But why ask a question of such import?
We all do hope to reach that bourne at last.

LORENZO.

Prepare then to encounter many obstacles
During thy journey thither. There's a vale
Darker than death, through which we needs must pass,
Where spirits from the abodes of wretchedness
Contest the passage with each weary pilgrim
Who enters it. Scorn not to learn from this,
That, to ensure our happiness, we must
Submit to all the sad perplexities
That lay before us. We must learn to conquer
Each evil thought and passion that waylay us,
'T will make the bliss laid up in store for us
The richer gain when earned by our good deeds.

Enter several Peasants on their way up the Mountain.

FIRST PEASANT.

Ha! our old friend! whither away so late?
Dost come to spend the night with us?

LORENZO.

Many thanks.
This youth and I return again, so soon
As we have learned our lesson. Good even, friends!

[*Salutes the other Peasants, who return it warmly.*

FIRST PEASANT.

See, brothers, how the red-hot sun goes down,
Burning a steep path through the hissing wave,
That flames around him with a torrid heat,

Like a huge cauldron boiling o'er with gold
And purple foam. I remember, when a boy,
Climbing with desperate effort to the top
Of the mountain, to watch him rise and set.

SECOND PEASANT.

It is a blessed sight.

THIRD PEASANT.

But, brothers, see
How yon small cloud is spreading o'er the sky!
And, hark! the distant thunder warns us home.

FOURTH PEASANT.

To our homes, then; our homes and happy hearths.

ALL THE PEASANTS.

Yes, to our homes; our homes and happy wives.
Farewell kind friends.

[*To* BERTRAM *and* LORENZO.
Beware the coming storm.

[*Exeunt Peasants.*

BERTRAM.

Who are these men?

LORENZO.

The dwellers in the mountains,
As happy fellows as the sun e'er shone on.
But haste; the gath'ring storm may overtake us,
Ere we can reach the place I had intended
To lead thee to.

BERTRAM.

Where wouldst thou lead me, friend?

LORENZO.

To happiness.

BERTRAM.

The distance is too great.
I rather would return.

LORENZO.

There's but one road
To happiness—the upward path, by which
We must ascend the often dreamed-of height,
And gaze exultingly on all below.

BERTRAM.

The moth, by struggling upward to the taper,
Scorches its wings, and often perisheth
While searching for the light.

LORENZO.

And so wouldst thou
Risk life and limb, if thou shouldst venture downwards.
As for thine image of the moth, 'tis like
As if a man, who, standing on the brink
Of a steep precipice, should sway his arms,
And springing upwards try to clutch the sun;
Or one, who, leaning o'er Vesuvius' edge,
Should seek to leap across its gaping mouth
By one bold spring, and perish like a fool.
A little further up, and we are safe.
The storm will surely come. These shepherds are
Unfailing oracles.

BERTRAM.

If we must go,
Lead on, old man. How all my witty friends
Would hurl their puns and pointed epigrams
At me, if they but knew the foolish journey
I am performing, half against my will;
For there's a something in this old man's manner
That make me think both well and ill of him;
I'll either hate or love him by and by. (*Aside.*)

SCENE III.

The summit of a high mountain, looking Westward.—Time, Sunset.

LORENZO.

Come, let us rest awhile, since we have gained
The summit of the mountain. See, the sun
Is disappearing through the western wave,
Like a strong diver going down for pearls,
Or a young bridegroom eloquent with joy,
Seeking the chamber where his soul's beloved
Sits in her bridal robes. A moment more
He will have canopied some other clime
With his rich tent of gold, and drawn aside
The sable curtains of polluted Night
From some fair country that we wot not of.

BERTRAM.

But what has this to do with our journey
Hither? And where is the surprise you had

In store for me? I will be getting lonely,
And insist on returning ere the night
Sets in.

LORENZO.

Impossible! You cannot find
Your way. The path is rough and intricate
By which we came; and to return by that,
You would require a guide, to whom these wilds
Had grown familiar, to conduct you safely
To the plain. Stay for a little moment here.
We will return together. Hark! the thunder.

BERTRAM.

There are no clouds above us, yet I hear
The thunder rolling in tremendous volleys,
But muffled, as if passing through the hills.

LORENZO.

Let us approach the mountain's edge, and look
Upon the storm.

[*They approach the verge of the mountain, and look down.*

Observe the passionate clouds,
Struggling like giant wrestling-groups in all
The grandeur of an elemental strife!
See how yon mass of fiery vapour writhes
In agony, like a flame-enveloped fiend,
And bursts asunder with a fearful crash,
That fills the pitying heavens with alarm,
And shakes the massive crag on which we stand.

Mark well the conflict—nay, you need not shrink,
Methought I saw you tremble as you gazed;
There is no danger here. The eagle builds
Its solid eyrie far above the storm,
And round about us sits the Roman bird,
Watching the air-drawn battle, as when perched
Upon the flaunting standards once upraised
On Carthagenian fields. The storm is far
Beneath us. I can call to mind the time—
The very day—the heaven-pilfered hour,
When my young soul first left its body-load,
And made it wings and mingled with the storm,
Ev'n as the headlong warrior leaps in
Where dangers threaten, thick as summer rain,
Each charged with death. A sublime awe swept o'er me;
I trembled with delight; shouted for joy;
The lightning's kiss was hot upon my cheek;
The thunder pealed its anthems in my ears,—
Deep, sublime melodies! and my spirit felt
Ethereal, as if a veil of light,
By angels borne from God's remotest home,
Had clothed it ready for a joy eterne.
Awed by the fervency of my wild thoughts,
I knelt, and with uplifted hands poured out
My unspoken prayers to God. My thankful soul
Was filled with an unstudied eloquence,
Which my lips dared not utter. The profound
And many-voicéd thunder; the red waves,
That spewed forth lightning, as a furnace fire;

The charging squadrons of impatient clouds,
Those burning steeds and riders of the storm,
That neighed in thunder and breathed breaths of flame,
Conspired to fill me with intense delight,
As boundless as the rapture of the winds,
Seated at midnight on the tempest car,
When heaven lifts her white hands to her face
To hide her eyes. Upon this very spot
I stood with vacant, greedy looks, and watched
The mighty conflict going on below:
And yet, thou'dst rather dance a tiresome measure
To a crack'd violin, than read the precious truths
Of these romantic wilds. Are they not lonely?
These mountain summits and deep forests, where
You seem to catch the echoings of strains
That were rehearsed in heaven at the birth
Of the old world, of which this earth, mayhap,
Is but a fragment. Oh! those glorious songs!
Their echoes cannot die, but seem to float,
Like vapours, through the air for evermore.
The poet seizes oft their wondrous plaint,
And ever after earth has one voice more
To magnify the Author of all Good.

BERTRAM.

Old man, you mock me. I can now discern
How such a soul as thine is elevated
Above the world and its ephemeral pleasures.
Henceforward I'll participate with thee

In these ethereal blessings. I'll be all
That thou couldst wish for in an amateur;
And you will find me a devoted pupil,
If you will lead me in the way to wisdom.
Oft have I heard of a discreet old man,
With whom the peasants had conversed, who lived,
Or rather had been seen, upon the mountain.
I wondered how their kindly hearts did warm,
And they grew eloquent, in praise of thee;
But now my doubts are gone, and I can well
Appreciate the generosity—
For such I deemed it—of these simple rustics.
If I become a ready listener
To the immortal truths that thou canst teach me,
Must I relinquish all the harmless pleasures
That I had previously indulged in?

LORENZO.

No,
Not one of them. Use them in moderation.
Devote some moments of thy little life
To learning what may be of benefit
To thee hereafter. But I would not ask
That thou shouldst ape the moody devotee,
And live apart from all thy fellow men.
Far rather would I have thee still remain
A trifling mortal, pleased with empty show,
And gilded vanity, than encourage thee
To be a soulless hermit. There are times

When gaiety is useful to the wisest;
And cheerfulness is fraught with many blessings,
If we survey it rightly. See! the storm
Is over, and the heavens are bent down
Beneath the weight of their bejewelled robes.
The moon, like to a royal traveller,
Her silver chariot axle-deep in stars,
Rides the burning labyrinth of worlds,
A queen amongst her subjects; while the sea
Beyond us is irradiated with
The silver sparkles from her eloquent eyes,
That make a path of light from heaven to earth.
The solemn glories of the sun and moon,
The silver-dappled heavens, the huge sea—
These thou must learn to study, for their wealth
Of earnest truth, sublimity and love,
When I initiate thee into all
My plans of happiness. Now for the surprise.
Look at the Old Man now.

[*Removes a disguise.*

BERTRAM.

My friend Lorenzo!

LORENZO.

Thy youthful friend, whom thou didst call a bookworm,
Because he would not always be a trifler,
And loved to ponder on the intrinsic lore
Of poets and philosophers. I am
The solitary Hermit of the Hills,

As these warm-hearted peasants choose to call me;
And I would have thee be a hermit, too,
Occasionally. Thou shalt come with me,
And see the free-born mountaineers at eve,
Offering up their earnest, heart-felt thanks,
To the Supreme Intelligence of Heaven;
Shalt hear their old men read the sacred Word;
Their manly youths, and rosy-featured maidens,
Blending their voices in an evening hymn;
Shall see the happiest mortals upon earth,
And learn to imitate them—if thou wilt.
  See yonder cottage in the dreamy vale,
On which the moonlight, like the smile of God,
So sweetly rests. There dwells a Poet-soul;
One who has pass'd through stern Affliction's blaze,
And had his great heart purified by pain.
He was a Monarch in the Halls of Love.
Love crowned him as a nation crowns a King.
His queen, a rural beauty, by his side,
What wonder if he looked from his high throne
Upon the world, and claimed it as his own?
She loved him for his uncoined wealth of words,
That lay in the rich mine of his brain, like pearls
That hoard their lustre in a cave o' the sea.
He had great soul-thoughts floating in his eyes,
Like ships gem-laden on an Indian ocean,
And soft-voiced messengers, with gentle wings,
Soared through his mind, and made him rich in fancies,
As is a miser o'er his wealth of gold.

She loved to mark the lightning of his eye,
And list the mighty thunder of his speech,
That followed the electric fancy-storm,
Even as loves the hardy mountaineer,
Trained amid God's glory-haunted hills,
To trace the storm that rides the Appenines,
And bursts in fearful splendor at his feet.
She hung upon his lips, as hangs the bee
Upon the trembling rose-bud, flushed with sweets,
Like Beauty leaning forward for the kiss,
Of some impassioned lover, nectar-wild,
Quaffing his honied breath. Her fingers toyed
With his long locks of gold, that lay like waves
Of yellow sun-curls dancing on the lea,
Decking the bust of evening: and in each,
With true-love's spiritual, dreamy eyes,
She seemed to trace some intellectual thought,
Some beauteous reflex of his glowing soul,
In which his Prophet-spirit, Titan-like,
Loomed up majestic, clothed with Virtue's robes,
And he, the Adam of her Eve-like heart,
To her eyes, seemed the embodiment of all
The sterling mental manhood of the time,
A golden mouthed Chrysostum, brimmed with Truth,
And revelations of a coming age
Replete with saving glory and deep Love.
These Alpine heights were his, for he had struck
From out their flinty sides a flame of song,
That burned within the breasts of mountaineers.

And made them love their country more and more.
But while he sung, triumphant as the lark,
The tongue of Slander struck his spirit dumb—
For these young Poets are as sensitive
To pain, as the warm morning cloudlets are
To the consuming splendor of the sun.
Curs'd be the tongue that hurled the sland'rous shaft!
Withered the lips that spake the sland'rous tale!
For then his mind was strong, and in its strength
He gloried, as a giant o'er the thew
And sinew of his limbs. The sland'rer spake,
And, lo! the stately man became a child!
His mind, once full of bright imaginings,
Became as gloomy as the murkiest eve
That ever mingled with November's fog.
Thoughts that had ransacked heaven fell to earth,
Enfeebled with the fall. The eye that look'd
Fearlessly on the virtuous of the world,
That gazed admiringly upon the stars,
And drank their wondrous beauty in deep draughts,
Till it was drunken with delight, now quailed,
And sought the ground. And yet the tale was false.
But there was one who did believe it true;
One who had leaned upon his heart of hearts,
Like Innocence on Love. She thought it true.
And he was left alone with his crush'd heart,
To crawl mind-wounded through a cheerless world,
Like a lost planet through infinity,
Tortured with its unrest. He could have borne

The curses of the world, and borne them well ;
He could have grasped his troubles by the heel,
And hurled them from him ; but for that one thought,
That he was deemed unworthy of her love.
But there are sunbeams in the icicles,
Caloric in snow, and animalculæ
In the hard rock ; and in one single germ
Lie all creation's works in miniature :
So in his heart one pulse of hope still beat,
One solitary spark still burned beneath
The ashes of his grief—her woman's love
Had merely flickered in the world's foul breath.
And knowing this, his heart was up again,
Like a stout wrestler whom some sinewy arm
Had humbled to his knees. The tale was false,
And he had proved it in the sland'rer's teeth
To be an upas offshoot, that had sprung
From the fierce cravings of a jealous mind,
And well nigh poisoned all their mutual hopes.
As leaps the sun above the clouded morn,
So rose the Poet-spirit of my friend
Once more into the hopeful skies of day,
From out the night of his intense despair.
And there they live, content, in yonder vale ;
Their dwelling is an altar reared to Faith ;
'T is built upon the spot which witnessed first
The sweet reünion of their steadfast love.

Again, seest thou yon distant roof-top peer
Above the cedars on the mountain side ?

Thence soared a noble soul unto his rest,
While the strong throes of hope and future fame
Passed through his mind like summer o'er the earth.
To live, until the heart is warmed with youth,
And then, like to a suddenly blasted flower
In summer-time, to die and pass away—
Oh! 't is a bitter and a solemn thought!
What glowing hopes lay folded in the breast,
Like honey in the fair, expanding bud!
What burning thoughts leap through the throbbing brain,
Like lightnings hidden in the noon-day cloud!
So passed my student-friend unto his rest,
In the warm summer of his manly youth.
His springtime had been rich in blossoming,
Giving great promise of his harvest days,
When, with a vigorous will, and mind matured,
The golded fruitage of his well-spent hours
Would have been gathered in. Not his the fate
That buffets with the stern and iron world,
And winneth length of days; that wrests from fame
The guerdon that awaits the victor-mind;
That wrestles with great truths, till they become
The ministers of his Titanic will;
The buoyant wave that laves some fair, green isle,
And passing on, strands on a granite rock
Flinging its wealth of pearl into the air,—
This, rather was his doom. But he had won
The meed of praise that waits the studious soul,
Won the fond friendship of his fellow peers.

He was a Man, in all that constitutes
The truest Manhood, in its strictest sense—
A Man in the full stature of his mind.
Religion was a well-spring in his breast,
Whose waters were as pure as waves of light
Rolling in volumes from the gleaming stars.
His thoughts soared ever upward towards God,
As soars the purifying flame to heaven.
Philosophy, and heaven descended poesy,
Within the sunny chambers of his mind
Met, like fair handmaids, who had come to stay,
And by their presence keep his spirit pure,
And meet for the high calling unto which
He would have given all his earthly days.
But in the midst of Life, the spoiler, Death,
Like a stern tyrant on his heartless round,
Struck down the noble youth, and robbed his friends
And fellow Students of their store of hopes.
Far from his home he died.—No parent's eye
Saw the last struggle of his manly breast;
No sister's voice into his closing ears
Poured the sad music of a last farewell.
But there were loving hands to close his eyes;
And there were loving hearts around, to feel
The grief that enters at the door of death;
And there were loving lips to pour the balm
Of consolation on his chastened mind.
He died, as dies the summer's crimson eve,
When the rich sunset hangs its banners out

Above its palaces of cloud and sky—
A death upon whose brow a radiant life
Sits crowned,—the white-winged messenger of hope,
Whose path is flashing with a sheen of gold.

BERTRAM.

I am ashamed to think you've caught me thus.
You're an accomplished trapper.

LORENZO.

When I please.
But not a word upon the subject now;
The secret shall be kept. We will return;
There is a merry-making at the village,
At which I must be present; and to-morrow,
You will commence your schooling, and become
My fellow-student. Nature for our guide,
Depend upon it we will learn far more
Than any pair of beardling adepts did
In those cold, formal universities,
Where young men's heads are crammed like Christmas turkeys,
Making them passive as a sweating group
Of listless Dutchmen o'er their meerschaum pipes
That deaden all their faculties of mind.